THE NATION

1865 Centennial Year 1965

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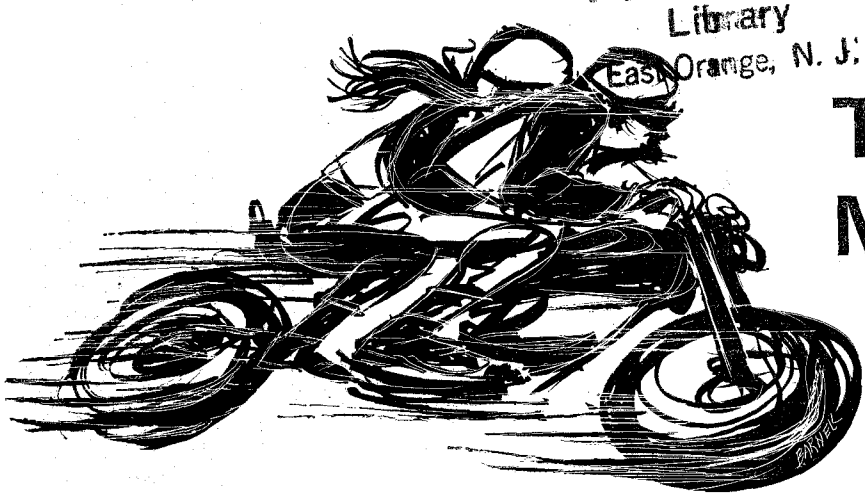

The Motorcycle Gangs

HUNTER S. THOMPSON

'Mississippi Challenge'

George Slaff

The Far Right Convenes

Raymond R. Coffey

Reviews

The Vietnam Books

BERNARD B. FALL DAVID CORT

DANIEL FORD CHARLES MOHR

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LETTERS

Savings and loans

New York City

Dear Sirs: As registered brokers dealing exclusively with insured savings and loan associations throughout the country, we wish to protest the general tenor of "Failing Banks and Sporty Bankers" by Michael Harris [*The Nation*, Apr. 26]. . . .

At the outset, it appears that Mr. Harris started out with a justified attack on the actions of the president of the San Francisco National Bank which was a commercial bank. . . . Its actions and those of its president in no way involved savings and loan associations. . . .

However, Mr. Harris saw fit to make a general derogatory statement about savings and loan institutions in Maryland, Illinois and California. We submit that if he was going to bring in this reference, the least he could have done was to advise that the Maryland institutions were not insured by any government agency and in the case of the Illinois and California institutions, the officers were removed and the institutions were either liquidated or merged or continued in business without loss of a single penny of insured savings by anyone. . . .

Mr. Harris also states that certain savings and loan associations had time deposits in the San Francisco National Bank. He should have pointed out that it is perfectly legal for a savings and loan association to have a time deposit in a commercial bank. . . . While we, along with Mr. Harris, deplore certain practices and abuses in the financial industry, we do not think that any useful purpose is served by damning entire industries. . . .

Mr. Harris, and your magazine in particular, owe a duty to reaffirm to the public that it was never your intention to in any way infer that savings accounts in insured savings and loan associations are unsafe or that people are in danger of losing any part of their savings which are insured by the Federal Savings and Loan Insurance Corporation up to $10,000 per member account.

Milton E. Levine
Executive Vice President
Meyers Pollock Robbins, Inc.

Sausalito, Calif.

Dear Sirs: Whether Mr. Levine likes to acknowledge it or not, the fact is that there are serious abuses in the savings and loan industry. Of California's 209 state-chartered savings and loan associations, a total of 27—or 13 per cent—reported that as of last December 31, their "scheduled items" amounted to 10 per cent or more. In plain language, this means that at least 10 per cent of the loans had turned sour. Of the remaining 87 per cent, some were perilously close to the 10 per cent mark. . . .

Mr. Levine argues that it was perfectly legal for Argonaut Savings and Loan Association of San Francisco to invest $1,300,000 of its $33,848,656 of risk assets in an unhealthy bank. He does not reply to my criticism that Argonaut participated in a $600,000 first mortgage on a building appraised at $300,000. I did not say that these acts were illegal, but I do suggest they show that some new regulations are needed.

Finally, he suggests that we should not worry because savings deposits of up to $10,000 each are insured by an instrumentality of the United States Government. This is like arguing that you shouldn't concern yourself with putting fire sprinklers in buildings if you carry adequate fire insurance. Any association that receives protection from the Federal Savings and Loan Insurance Corporation should, of course, be expected to do its part by maintaining prudent and honorable management.

Michael Harris

Alternative to delusion

Amherst, Mass.

Dear Sirs: In its brief compass, "Foreign Aid and Natural Resources" by William and Paul Paddock [*The Nation*, Apr. 19] offers more of relevant substance on the entire matter of development in Latin America and the relation of United States aid in that process than anything I have read. . . . Only as this approach begins to be effective, both in Washington and in the several Latin American countries, will a realistic alternative to the Cuban Revolution be found. The rest is not silence but delusion.

David P. Leonard
University of Massachusetts

No patronage

Paterson, N.J.

Dear Sirs: Your editorial "Poverty's Wars" [Apr. 26] contains a rather serious error. You state that the head of the anti-poverty program in Paterson, N.J., is drawing $22,000 a year, whereas his salary is $18,500. The government has agreed to participate in this salary up to $16,500. And unfortunately, you didn't mention that the difference is being paid by private citizens who believe in this program. . . .

Our Task Force consists of thirty-nine persons, chosen by ministers of

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Off with the Mask

Said the President: "We don't propose to sit here in a rocking chair, with our hands folded, and let the Communists set up a government anywhere in this hemisphere." Why the geographical limitation? Vietnam is not in the Western Hemisphere, and we are carrying on an anti-Communist war there. And why the emphasis on communism? A social revolution in the Dominican Republic, or anywhere else in Latin America, will inevitably involve a certain number of Communists: since they cannot make their own revolutions, they will participate in those made by others.

The fact is that we prefer strong-arm regimes which can be relied on to act as our agents and protect our strategic, political and financial interests. In Vietnam, we abandoned Ngo Dinh Diem only when he proved to be a worthless tool, while in the Dominican uprising we rushed to the defense of Gen. Elias Wessin y Wessin, who without our timely aid would either be dead or in sanctuary in some friendly embassy. He, and we too, would be as revolted by a left-Socialist, anti-Communist regime as by a Communist one with ties to Havana or Moscow. Neither he nor we had any real objection to Rafael Leonidas Trujillo. The fact that he was an outstanding practitioner of murder, both personal and wholesale, did not render him odious.

When he was faced by an uprising in the Caribbean, Mr. Johnson acted with Goldwater-like resolution. He sent in the Marines and, on television, announced that the whole inter-American system was at stake. In other words, the Organization of American States had better go along, or else. This was in refreshing contrast to Mr. Johnson's mealy-mouthed speeches regarding the American position in his other war, where he keeps insisting that we have not changed our "essential" position, that we have not widened the war, that our only goal is peace and we are willing to talk with anyone but the Vietcong—that is, with the people we are fighting.

In that role, Mr. Johnson is a political Tartuffe, and admittedly a talented one. From force of habit he has not been able to refrain entirely from hypocrisy in the Dominican case (Marines for the protection of American lives), but there he has been at less pains to disguise the naked use of power. He may be successful — American military and economic weight is overwhelming to an extent unprecedented in history. But if Mr. Johnson proposes to carry this policy much further, he must be prepared to take off the mask entirely. He should consider withdrawing from the United Nations, where Adlai Stevenson's apologias are becoming increasingly labored and ludicrous. Withdrawal would please many of Barry Goldwater's followers. And why keep up the false front in the OAS? In order to avoid a plea of guilty to the charge of being liars, hypocrites and "scrap of paper" diplomats, why not repudiate all treaties and declarations in which we have pledged ourselves not to use force unilaterally and not to intervene in the internal affairs of other countries? It is impossible to pretend that Marines in jump boots are part of the Good Neighbor Policy, and Mr. Johnson might as well start waving the big stick he so badly conceals.

The American Crisis

We hear a great deal about crises in the Dominican Republic, in Vietnam — everywhere except in the United States. But what the American public should be concerned about is the rapidly emerging American crisis of conscience and commitment.

Prof. William Appleman Williams, a noted historian and *Nation* contributor, in a letter to *The New York Times*, describes a crisis of political morality, of representative government, and of official propaganda aimed less at friends and enemies abroad than at our own people. A false analogy, he points out, is one of the most dangerous of intellectual errors, yet the Administration's policy in Southeast Asia is based on just such a fallacy. The President, the Secretary of State and lesser cold warriors are constantly comparing Vietnam with pre-World War II Czechoslovakia and accusing their critics of being appeasers, or worse. Very few of the mass media challenge the comparison. The public, for the most part, accepts it: it is always easier to react to stereotypes than to think.

The crisis in representative government is one consequence of this continuous process of domestic brainwashing. Nothing could be more trite (nor more true) than to say that without an informed and vigilant electorate, democracy cannot endure. Voting per se is only a mechanical procedure if the voters do not know what they are voting for or are psychologically conditioned against convictions at variance with official doctrine. We recognize this readily enough in totalitarian countries, but at home we tend to close our eyes.

The most dangerous aspect of the crisis, however, is the moral deterioration. John Jay Chapman said that the penalty of acquiescing in evil is the loss of sensibility. All we can see in Vietnam are the atrocities of the enemy; our own, and those of our wards in the Government armies, are ignored.

In the New York *Daily News*, which has the largest circulation of any daily paper in the country, Joseph Fried reports approvingly that the Central Intelligence Agency is operating a special school in Vietnam to train Government infiltration squads to "pay back the Reds in their own coin"—that is, to assassinate Vietcong agents and leaders. The same Americans who

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do not turn a hair at such reports are full of indignation when President Johnson denounces Vietcong terrorism. One would think that the Vietcong, fighting in their own country, were the successors of Attila the Hun, while our airmen, raining death from the sky, were knights-errant. Abroad, where they are more realistic, we have few admirers.

Mr. Ottinger Sees It Through

Richard L. Ottinger, who won an upset victory last November in the 25th Congressional District of New York by defeating the incumbent Republican, has broken another precedent. Not only was he the first Democrat in several decades to be sent to Congress from two of the wealthiest counties (parts of Westchester and Putnam) in the United States, but he has tangled this month with local posts of the American Legion and the Veterans of Foreign Wars and come out on top. It it a striking case of government by leadership, of education of the electorate, and of good political maneuvering in a good cause.

The trouble began when Mr. Ottinger voted against giving funds to the House Committee on Un-American Activities. One of a minority of about thirty Representatives, he explained that he was not opposed to investigation of alleged subversives but would leave the task to the House Judiciary Committee. A few days before the vote, Ottinger had been invited to address the Loyalty Day parade in Mount Vernon on May 1. The V.F.W. Westchester Council, on learning of Ottinger's heresy, rescinded the invitation. A nearby American Legion post rescinded an invitation to Ottinger to speak at a Memorial Day observance.

Instead of apologizing, Ottinger, who had served in Korea, told his fellow veterans where they got off. He wrote to the chairman of the county V.F.W.: "If your abrupt cancellation is intended to imply, as it would seem, that a Congressman disagreeing with your views about the committee is somehow unfit to parade at a Loyalty Day celebration, you dishonor the office, impugn the intelligence of the citizenry and demonstrate that discredited elements of the far Right have seized control of the Veterans of Foreign Wars." It turned out, however, that the seizure, if any, was only local. The chairman of the National Americanism Committee of the V.F.W. delivered a stinging rebuke to the local chapter, declaring that its action was "not consistent with the position of the national organization, and in fact, is diametrically opposed to it." At the same time, Ottinger found American Legion members rallying to his support.

For many years the bigots in the Legion and the V.F.W. have had things all their own way. To offend them was political suicide. In some areas, no doubt it still is. But the V.F.W., in particular, now holds more enlightened views on the national level. It took some courage on the part of Congressman Ottinger to bring it out, but it is good news. Now we know that a Congressman can vote his convictions and not be summarily ostracized by an irresponsible pressure group.

Honoring the Consensus

During World War II, American troops abroad were kidded for being the most decorated warriors in history; the Good Conduct Medal particularly entertained our Australian and Free French Allies. In what now passes for peacetime, we are a nation much given to distributing cash and bric-a-brac for meritorious service in the fine arts and popular amusements—a tendency that bursts each May into a spring garden of honors around the central embellishment of the Pulitzer Prizes.

It is an amiable custom, and the pity is that it provokes so much bad feeling. In point of fact, there are two kinds of prizes, only one of which rouses much public rancor. Commercial prizes, generally offering large sums of money, are distributed for commercial reasons; cultural prizes, usually much less lucrative, are given allegedly for achievements of the aesthetic spirit.

The former rarely cause more than a wry smile. For example, on the same day that the Pulitzer winners were announced, word came from France that an international combine of publishers had given Saul Bellow the $10,000 Prix International de Litérature for *Herzog*. These bookmen were honoring success and, whatever its literary merits, *Herzog* is the hit novel of the year. The commercial motivation of this award is tipped off by its sister prize, The Fomenter, given by the same group to the unpublished novel they fervently hope will hit the same jackpot. This year's winner (also $10,000) is *Night Clerk* by Stephen Schneck; it is said to deal with the erotic fantasies of a hall porter in a seedy hotel and promises gratifying sales.

Similarly, Thornton Wilder — America's image of the regular guy as intellectual — has won a medal and $5,000 from the National Book Committee, the award being made by Lady Bird Johnson who took the occasion to express her distaste for certain unnamed modern writers and to disclose a personal ambition "to make words march and sing and cannonade." Surely no one begrudges Mr. Wilder another $5,000.

But in the world of Pulitzer Prizes, where the material awards are slight, the clouds of wrath always threaten. Not to much among the professional awards for journalism; these are generally accepted as well merited or because few people outside the trade have heard previously of the feats or their authors. In the arts, though, the selections always seem anticlimactic, if not absurd. The rule seems to be to honor an aesthetic consensus, and if that cannot be found, to abstain loftily from making any award. This year the theatre has been operating at such a low tide of creative energy that Broadway has resembled a bleached waste, but *The Subject Was Roses*, which Harold Clurman in these pages called "popular entertainment that verges on art," was found Pulitzer-worthy. And Shirley Ann Grau, dear to the hearts of club ladies, was honored for *The Keepers of the House*. In music,

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however, an art in which the United States now enjoys world leadership, the judges for the second year running found no composition of adequate merit. Modern music is "difficult," and the Pulitzer people are looking for tunes that march and sing.

The annual spring grumpiness over the Pulitzer committee's lodge-brother standards of what is true and beautiful has reached the point where its endorsements are more embarrassing than ennobling. The judges might be wiser in future to confine themselves to honoring good journalism and such works of scholarship as can be judged by objective standards. Art is slippery ground for such sensible men.

Ahab and the China Whale

An assorted group of scholars, bureaucrats, ministers, Congressmen, newsmen, ladies and old China hands gathered in Washington for two days at the end of April to talk and think about the unthinkable — understanding, recognizing and communicating with Communist China. The big news they made was the fact that the time had come for such a conference. Registration began just a day after the U.S. Chamber of Commerce, capitalists all, resolved that the United States ought to "explore steps designed to more effectively open channels of communication with the people of mainland China." And it came a few months after the Harris poll reported a softening in the hawkishness of the American people. Once 7 to 1 against admitting Red China to the UN, the people now oppose admission by only 2 to 1.

The Quakers, who organized the conference with the help of Georgetown and American Universities, persuaded such diverse groups as the Committee of One Million Against the Admission of Communist China to the United Nations, the National Catholic Welfare Conference, the League of Women Voters, Americans for Democratic Action, and the United Automobile Workers to take part.

Despite this diversity, the two days belonged to individuals and groups advocating some accommodation with Communist China. First of all, they outnumbered the others. At the main banquet, two-thirds of the few hundred present there burst into applause when O. Edmund Clubb, head of the State Department's China desk until the days of McCarthyism, called for policies that would ease the way of American newsmen into China. Only a third broke into applause when Clare McDermott, former Peking correspondent for Reuters, suggested that no woman in the hall would enjoy life in modern China. More important, the conference itself — the forum, the speeches, the distribution of books and pamphlets — meant clearer light on China and sharper analysis of the logic of U.S. policy.

One speaker did not show up. Edgar Snow was ill in Switzerland, but he sent a statement that was mimeographed and distributed to the participants. "The truth is that the American chase in Vietnam is part of a larger hunt for China which has obsessed American power for fifteen years," he said. "It may be compared to the lifelong pursuit of Moby Dick by the brooding New England whale hunter, Ahab. . . . In the end Ahab kills the whale and therefore destroys himself. . . . Is the American pursuit of China . . . just as senseless, as profound, as inevitable and as fatal? Or is there some way to halt the hunt short of catastrophe to Ahab, or Moby Dick, or to both?" The participants did not answer those questions, but they made a small beginning toward grappling with them.

Expanding Sense of Justice

Last week Justice Arthur Goldberg, dedicating a Neighborhood Law Office in New Haven, said that it "marks the start of a new process—a process which will expand the rule of law to all segments of the population. . . ." Set up in areas where the poor live and supported by private foundations, the Neighborhood Law Office is designated to supplement the traditional Legal Aid and Public Defender agencies by offering free advice on problems involving, among others, housing, credit, family disputes, juvenile delinquency and criminal law. Initially the idea was opposed by the bar, in part because of a fear that it might encourage the unauthorized practice of the law; in part, too, because such an office might take legal business from private practitioners. But the State Bar Association finally gave its approval to two such offices.

"The new process" was given initial momentum by Jerome Carlin's study at Columbia which indicated that only 5 per cent of New York's lawyers have clients whose median income is below $5,000, and that 60 per cent reported their clients' median income to be above $10,000, although less than 10 per cent of New York families enjoy incomes as high as that. In a word, legal services today are restricted to a fairly narrow segment, despite the fact that the lower-income groups have many legal problems.

The idea was given further impetus by a study prepared by a husband-and-wife team of attorneys, Jean C. and Edgar S. Cahn (son of the late Edmond Cahn of the Law School, New York University). This study (*Yale Law Journal*, July, 1964) made a deep impression on welfare workers and others, including Sargent Shriver and Attorney General Nicholas de Katzenbach. "Ours is a time," Mr. Katzenbach has said, "in which we are experiencing not an expanded sense of charity but what is really an expanding sense of justice. For a poor person to hold rights in theory satisfies only the theory. We have to begin asserting those rights—and help the poor assert those rights." This means, of course, new, experimental institutions through which legal services can be made available to all levels of the population. If the Neighborhood Law Office proves to be such an institution, it will not only help bring legal services to lower-income groups but should go far to overcome the hostility that these groups currently feel, as shown by opinion polls, toward the organized bar.

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To the Right of Reason

The Patrioteers Convene . . . .

Raymond R. Coffey

Chicago

Army Gen. Edwin A. Walker (Ret.) slapped a Korean War veteran who called him a liar; Lester Maddox, the segregationist former restaurateur from Atlanta, informally nominated Alabama Gov. George C. Wallace for the White House; Kent Courtney likened Lyndon Johnson to Adolf Hitler; and Robert Welch, founding father of the John Birch Society, walked off with the first annual Sen. Joseph R. McCarthy Great American Award.

This was fierce and exhilarating stuff, and the several hundred radical rightists attending Courtney's Congress of Conservatives here during the week ending on May 2 filled their meeting rooms in the Sheraton-Chicago Hotel with cheers and applause. However, when the pep rally was over, they refused to play the big game.

Courtney, a bulky, florid man who, with his wife, Phoebe, publishes the far-Right *Independent American* at New Orleans, had called the Congress for the principal purpose of naming and organizing a third political party for conservatives. But he could not bring it off and the Congress ended Saturday with the right wing still a part of the Republican Party. Or, to take the view expressed by moderate Republican Charles H. Percy, the GOP was still stuck with them.

Though Courtney would not acknowledge it, his third-party plans clearly suffered a grievous setback. In the official program, Saturday was billed as "New Party Day" and the last item on the printed agenda was "adoption of resolutions and platform." Instead, the Congress degenerated into a kind of bazaar for peddling literature and buttons and advertising personal ambitions.

As late as Thursday afternoon, however, Courtney was telling reporters that the new party would be christened and given a formal structure before the week was out. Even the flat opposition of some of the most prominent rightists in attendance failed to shake his assurance. Harry T. Everingham, president of the Chicago-based We The People! organization, for example, announced that he was in favor of sticking with the GOP. "Let's be realistic," he said. "Only through the Republican Party would we have a chance. If we split into two parties, it would produce a Democrat-Socialist landslide that would open the way to complete one-party rule and to dictatorship."

Furthermore, he said he had approached GOP national committee members last month and "they assured me that the Republican Party had not been taken over by the Socialist-liberals, but still remained under the control of those who nominated Goldwater."

Courtney was unimpressed and said he did not count on Everingham, Welch and leaders of other "educational" organizations to launch the new party anyhow. In the first place, he didn't think Barry Goldwater was much of a rock of faith any more. "He has retreated from his strong position of last summer and aligned himself" with such liberals as Govs. George Romney and William Scranton in the interest of party unity, Courtney told reporters. "He should have purged them; they were the architects of his defeat. We wish [Goldwater] had the courage to join us."

Courtney was certain there would be a consensus among the "forty or fifty" conservative leaders attending a caucus Friday that a new party should be launched. Among the "political activists" he counted on were representatives of the Constitution Parties of Texas, Kansas and New Jersey. He even got some probably unlooked for encouragement from the hostility of Percy, the young camera company tycoon whose bid for the Illinois governorship last year was buried in the landslide that swamped Goldwater.

Percy said he hoped the radical Right would, indeed, form its own party. "The fanatical pseudo-patriotism of these men is misdirected," he said in a statement on the Courtney meeting Friday. "They would have the United States play a smaller role in world affairs. . . . This type of thinking regards the United Nations and the civil rights movement as Communist conspiracies. Neither major political party could tolerate this point of view."

But the right wing refused to be egged on, and Courtney had to backtrack embarrassingly after the caucus Friday. It had been decided, he said now, that it would be "premature" to establish formally the new party at this time. Meanwhile, a five-man committee would be appointed to work on the matter. The committee, it turned out, was dominated by Southerners, as the entire meeting was permeated by an anti-civil rights aura.

The committee chairman was Medford Evans of Jackson, Miss., who had addressed the Congress on the topic, "Civil Rights Myths and Communist Realities." The four other members were J. H. Norman of Enfield, N.C., Bard Logan of San Antonio, Tex., Donald H. Serrell of Garden City, N.Y., and Stanley Wallant of Brockton, Mass. When the committee reported at the wind-up session on Saturday, the best it could do was announce its "intention" to form a new party.

"In this critical year, we are confident that in every part of these United States, Americans by the millions are ready"—despite the fact that not even the caucus of hard-core rightists was ready to go along with Courtney's original schedule. The statement of principles then went on with promises of a little something for every right-wing outfit in attendance.

It proposed that the United States "capture Chinese and Russian Communists now based on Cuba and hold them as hostages pending release of Americans from Russia and Red China." It demanded an end to "federal support of Communist subversion of America through agitation of racial turmoil in the streets." And it urged that the "Marxist-oriented graduated federal income tax" be repealed and that the United States "severely restrict permanent immigration."

If, however, the Courtney Congress failed in its primary purpose, it did provide some remark-

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Raymond R. Coffey, a reporter on the Chicago Daily News, *wrote for that paper a post-election series on the John Birch Society.*

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able individual performances and some fresh evidence of what a competitive and commercial enterprise the right-wing movement can be.

There was, first of all, Walker, who addressed a cheering rally of 1,300 persons Thursday night and climaxed his appearance by slapping a man as he walked out. The man, who identified himself as a former combat sergeant in Korea, had called Walker a liar for stating that UN troops were forbidden to fire on certain days of the war. "You're being obnoxious," Walker said, and slapped him.

Among the other opinions delivered by the General, who stood among the rioters at the University of Mississippi, was that there are "more good Americans in the Ku Klux Klan" than in Americans for Democratic Action. Maddox won a standing ovation when he said that "We need George Wallace in the White House. . . . He's the man of the hour." And Courtney went them both one better with his remark that Hitler had his "Elite Guard"—"we call them U.S. marshals in the South."

Welch, whose McCarthy Award was a painting of George Washington kneeling in prayer, came up with the clincher. The Communist master plan, he said at Friday night's banquet, calls for an "independent Negro-Soviet Republic to be carved out of the United States." If the plan succeeds, "thousands of white citizens will be murdered in the South. Tens of thousands of good Negroes themselves will be tortured and murdered. . . ." His address was entitled, "A Touch of Sanity."

There was a good deal of personal promotion throughout the program, with the speakers taking turns to praise one another for devoting "sixteen to twenty hours a day" to the cause and awarding superlatives all over the lot. One functionary whose job it was to pass out leaflets at one of the sessions was introduced as "the Paul Bunyan of the Goldwater campaign" in Chicago's Northwest suburbs.

And considerable commercialism was on display. The 300-to-400 persons who attended more than the evening rallies could not even obtain free copies of the speeches. Courtney announced that no tape recorders were being allowed in the meeting rooms but that the speeches were being "professionally recorded and we will take your orders for them at the *Independent American* booth." That was one of about twenty booths where literature and other paraphernalia were being peddled.

Mel-Belle Enterprises of Wheaton, Ill., had 4th of July postcards on sale at $1.75 for a box of twenty with envelopes. Courtney's booth was offering Christmas cards with the same colored portrait of Washington that was on the McCarthy Award he presented to Welch. Other booths had John Birch ballpoint pens at 20c each, recordings of Janet Greene singing "Fascist Threat-Commie Lies," U.S. flags for car aerials at 35c each or 10 for $3.25, "Repeal the Income Tax" lapel pins for a nickel, and Liberty Amendment Committee "Fact Sheets" for $10.

Not for sale but prominently displayed at the entrance was a blown-up photograph which can be seen all over the South these days purporting to show Martin Luther King "at a Communist Training School."

Several delegates who took part in the "New Party" caucus said Courtney's original plan had come to nought because of a fear that liberals would be the chief beneficiary of a split in the Republican ranks. But it seemed in the exhibition hall and in some of the speeches that another factor might well be the "every man for himself" attitude of some of the right-wing leaders and organizations—an unwillingness to submerge their own private and thriving operations to a new force. Courtney himself hinted at this in discussing the refusal of We The People!, the Birchers and similar "educational" organizations to go along with him.

Without intending to criticize them in any way, he explained, "these people are in the literature business. They're a different breed of cat from the party activist. I'm probably the only guy in the propaganda game who is also for a third party."

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The Motorcycle Gangs

Losers and Outsiders . . . . . Hunter S. Thompson

San Francisco

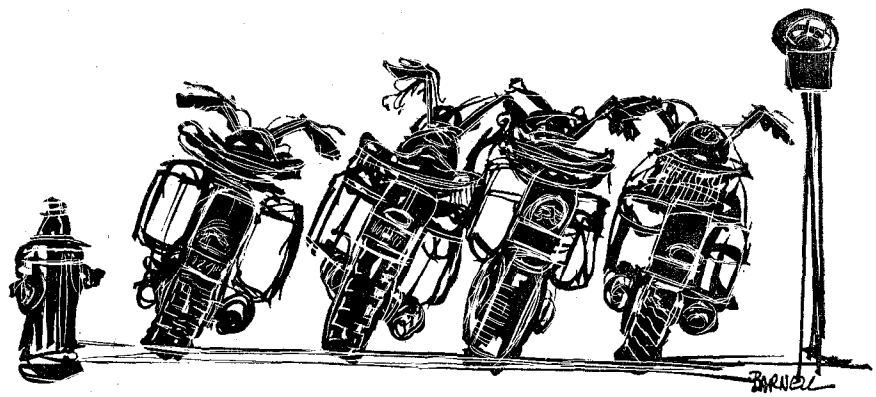
Last Labor Day weekend newspapers all over California gave front-page reports of a heinous gang rape in the moonlit sand dunes near the town of Seaside on the Monterey Peninsula. Two girls, aged 14 and 15, were allegedly taken from their dates by a gang of filthy, frenzied, boozed-up motorcycle hoodlums called "Hell's Angels," and dragged off to be "repeatedly assaulted."

A deputy sheriff, summoned by one of the erstwhile dates, said he "arrived at the beach and saw a huge bonfire surrounded by cyclists of both sexes. Then the two sobbing, near-hysterical girls staggered out of the darkness, begging for help. One was completely nude and the other had on only a torn sweater."

Some 300 Hell's Angels were gathered in the Seaside-Monterey area at the time, having convened, they said, for the purpose of raising funds among themselves to send the body of a former member, killed in an accident, back to his mother in North Carolina. One of the Angels, hip enough to falsely identify himself as "Frenchy of San Bernardino," told a local reporter who came out to meet the cyclists: "We chose Monterey because we get treated good here; most other places we get thrown out of town."

But Frenchy spoke too soon. The Angels weren't on the peninsula twenty-four hours before four of them were in jail for rape, and the rest of the troop was being escorted to the county line by a large police contingent. Several were quoted, somewhat derisively, as saying: "That rape charge against our guys is phony and it won't stick."

It turned out to be true, but that was another story and certainly no headliner. The difference between the Hell's Angels in the papers and the Hell's Angels for real is enough to make a man wonder what newsprint is for. It also raises a question as to who are the real hell's angels.



Ever since World War II, California has been strangely plagued by wild men on motorcycles. They usually travel in groups of ten to thirty, booming along the highways and stopping here and there to get drunk and raise hell. In 1947, hundreds of them ran amok in the town of Hollister, an hour's fast drive south of San Francisco, and got enough press notices to inspire a film called *The Wild One*, starring Marlon Brando. The film had a massive effect on thousands of young California motorcycle buffs; in many ways, it was their version of *The Sun Also Rises*.

The California climate is perfect for motorcycles, as well as surfboards, swimming pools and convertibles. Most of the cyclists are harmless weekend types, members of the American Motorcycle Association, and no more dangerous than skiers or skin divers. But a few belong to what the others call "outlaw clubs," and these are the ones who—especially on weekends and holidays—are likely to turn up almost anywhere in the state, looking for action. Despite everything the psychiatrists and Freudian casuists have to say about them, they are tough, mean and potentially as dangerous as packs of wild boar. When push comes to shove, any leather fetishes or inadequacy feelings that may be involved are entirely beside the point, as anyone who has ever tangled with these boys will sadly testify. When you get in an argument with a group of outlaw motorcyclists, you can generally count your chances of emerging unmaimed by the number of heavy-handed allies you can muster in the time it takes to smash a beer bottle. In this league, sportsmanship is for old liberals and young fools. "I smashed his face," one of them said to me of a man he'd never seen until the swinging started. "He got wise. He called me a punk. He must have been stupid."

The most notorious of these outlaw groups is the Hell's Angels, supposedly headquartered in San Bernardino, just east of Los Angeles, and with branches all over the state. As a result of the infamous "Labor Day gang rape," the Attorney General of California has recently issued an official report on the Hell's Angels. According to the report, they are easily identified:

> *The emblem of the Hell's Angels, termed "colors," consists of an embroidered patch of a winged skull wearing a motorcycle helmet. Just below the wing of the emblem are the letters "MC." Over this is a band bearing the words "Hell's Angels." Below the emblem is another patch bearing the local chapter name, which is usually an abbreviation for the city or locality. These patches are sewn on the back of a usually sleeveless denim jacket. In addition, members have been observed wearing various types of Luftwaffe insignia and reproductions of German iron crosses.* Many affect beards and their hair is usually long and unkempt. Some wear a single*

Hunter S. Thompson is a free-lance writer, now living in San Francisco and completing a novel, Rum Diary. *His most valuable source for this story was a former member of the Hell's Angels, now a police reporter on one of the major San Francisco dailies.*

*Purely for decorative and shock effect. The Hell's Angels are apolitical and no more racist than other ignorant young thugs.

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earring in a pierced ear lobe. Frequently they have been observed to wear metal belts made of a length of polished motorcycle drive chain which can be unhooked and used as a flexible bludgeon. . . . Probably the most universal common denominator in identification of Hell's Angels is their generally filthy condition. Investigating officers consistently report these people, both club members and their female associates, seem badly in need of a bath. Fingerprints are a very effective means of identification because a high percentage of Hell's Angels have criminal records.

In addition to the patches on the back of Hell's Angels jackets, the "One Percenters" wear a patch reading "1%-er." Another badge worn by some members bears the number "13." It is reported to represent the 13th letter of the alphabet, "M," which in turn stands for marijuana and indicates the wearer thereof is a user of the drug.

The Attorney General's report was colorful, interesting, heavily biased and consistently alarming—just the sort of thing, in fact, to make a clanging good article for a national news magazine. Which it did; both barrels. *Newsweek* led with a left hook titled "The Wild Ones," *Time* crossed with a right, inevitably titled "The Wilder Ones." The Hell's Angels, cursing the implications of this new attack, retreated to the bar of the DePau Hotel near the San Francisco waterfront and planned a weekend beach party. I showed them the articles. Hell's Angels do not normally read the news magazines. "I'd go nuts if I read that stuff all the time," said one. "It's all bullshit."

Newsweek was relatively circumspect. It offered local color, flashy quotes and "evidence" carefully attributed to the official report but unaccountably said the report accused the Hell's Angels of homosexuality, whereas the report said just the opposite. *Time* leaped into the fray with a flurry of blood, booze and semen-flecked wordage that amounted, in the end, to a classic of supercharged hokum: "Drug-induced stupors . . . no act is too degrading . . . swap girls, drugs and motorcycles with equal abandon . . . stealing forays . . . then ride off again to seek some new nadir in sordid behavior. . . ."

Where does all this leave the Hell's Angels and the thousands of shuddering Californians (according to *Time*) who are worried sick about them? Are these outlaws really going to be busted, routed and cooled, as the news magazines implied? Are California highways any safer as a result of this published uproar? Can honest merchants once again walk the streets in peace? The answer is that nothing has changed except that a few people calling themselves Hell's Angels have a new sense of identity and importance.

After two weeks of intensive dealing with the Hell's Angels phenomenon, both in print and in person, I'm convinced the net result of the general howl and publicity has been to obscure and avoid the real issues by invoking a savage conspiracy of bogymen and conning the public into thinking all will be "business as usual" once this fearsome snake is scotched, as it surely will be by hard and ready minions of the Establishment.

Meanwhile, according to Attorney General Thomas C. Lynch's own figures, California's true crime picture makes the Hell's Angels look like a gang of petty jack rollers. The police count 463 Hell's Angels: 205 around Los Angeles and 233 in the San Francisco-Oakland area. I don't know about L.A. but the real figures for the Bay Area are thirty or so in Oakland and exactly eleven —with one facing expulsion—in San Francisco. This disparity makes it hard to accept other police statistics. The dubious package also shows convictions on 1,023 misdemeanor counts and 151 felonies —primarily vehicle theft, burglary and assault. This is for all years and all alleged members.

California's overall figures for 1963 list 1,116 homicides, 12,448 aggravated assaults, 6,257 sex offenses, and 24,532 burglaries. In 1962, the state listed 4,121 traffic deaths, up from 3,839 in 1961. Drug arrest figures for 1964 showed a 101 per cent increase in juvenile marijuana arrests over 1963, and a recent back-page story in the *San Francisco Examiner* said, "The venereal disease rate among [the city's] teen-agers from 15-19 has more than doubled in the past four years." Even allowing for the annual population jump, juvenile arrests in all categories are rising by 10 per cent or more each year.

Against this background, would it make any difference to the safety and peace of mind of the average Californian if every motorcycle outlaw in the state (all 901, according to the police) were garroted within twenty-four hours? This is not to say that a group like the Hell's Angels has no meaning. The generally bizarre flavor of their offenses and their insistence on identifying themselves make good copy, but usually overwhelm — in print, at least—the unnerving truth that they represent, in colorful microcosm, what is quietly and anonymously growing all around us every day of the week.

"We're bastards to the world and they're bastards to us," one of the Oakland Angels told a *Newsweek* reporter. "When you walk into a place where people can see you, you want to look as repulsive and repugnant as possible. We are complete social outcasts — outsiders against society."

A lot of this is a pose, but anyone who believes that's all it is has been on thin ice since the death of Jay Gatsby. The vast majority of motorcycle outlaws are uneducated, unskilled men between 20 and 30, and most have no credentials except a police record. So at the root of their sad stance is a lot more than a wistful yearning for acceptance in a world they never made; their real motivation is an instinctive certainty as to what the score really is. They are out of the ball game and they know it—and that is their meaning; for unlike most losers in today's society, the Hell's Angels not only know but spitefully proclaim exactly where they stand.

I went to one of their meetings recently, and half-way through the night I thought of Joe Hill on his way to face a Utah firing squad and saying his final words: "Don't mourn, organize." It is safe to say that no Hell's Angel has ever heard of Joe Hill or would know a Wobbly from a Bushmaster, but nevertheless they are somehow related. The I.W.W. had serious plans for running the world, while the Hell's Angels mean only to defy the world's machinery. But instead of losing quietly, one by one, they have banded together with a mindless kind of loyalty and moved outside the framework, for good or ill. There is nothing particularly romantic or admirable about it; that's

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just the way it is, strength in unity. They don't mind telling you that running fast and loud on their customized Harley 74s gives them a power and a purpose that nothing else seems to offer.

Beyond that, their position as self-proclaimed outlaws elicits a certain popular appeal, however reluctant. That is especially true in the West and even in California where the outlaw tradition is still honored. The unarticulated link between the Hell's Angels and the millions of losers and outsiders who don't wear any colors is the key to their notoriety and the ambivalent reactions they inspire. There are several other keys, having to do with politicians, policemen and journalists, but for this we have to go back to Monterey and the Labor Day "gang rape."

Politicians, like editors and cops, are very keen on outrage stories, and state Senator Fred S. Farr of Monterey County is no exception. He is a leading light of the Carmel-Pebble Beach set and no friend of hoodlums anywhere, especially gang rapists who invade his constituency. Senator Farr demanded an immediate investigation of the Hell's Angels and others of their ilk — Commancheros, Stray Satans, Iron Horsemen, Rattlers (a Negro club), and Booze Fighters—whose lack of status caused them all to be lumped together as "other disreputables." In the cut-off world of big bikes, long runs and classy rumbles, this new, state-sanctioned stratification made the Hell's Angels very big. They were, after all, Number One. Like John Dillinger.

Attorney General Lynch, then new in his job, moved quickly to mount an investigation of sorts. He sent questionnaires to more than 100 sheriffs, district attorneys and police chiefs, asking for information on the Hell's Angels and those "other disreputables." He also asked for suggestions as to how the law might deal with them.

Six months went by before all the replies were condensed into the fifteen-page report that made new outrage headlines when it was released to the press. (The Hell's Angels also got a copy; one of them stole mine.) As a historical document, it read like a plot synopsis of Mickey Spillane's worst dreams. But in the matter of solutions it was vague, reminiscent in some ways of Madame Nhu's proposals for dealing with the Vietcong. The state was going to centralize information on these thugs, urge more vigorous prosecution, put them all under surveillance whenever possible, etc.

A careful reader got the impression that even if the Hell's Angels had acted out this script—eighteen crimes were specified and dozens of others implied—very little would or could be done about it, and that indeed Mr. Lynch was well aware he'd been put, for political reasons, on a pretty weak scent. There was plenty of mad action, senseless destruction, orgies, brawls, perversions and a strange parade of "innocent victims" that, even on paper and in careful police language, was enough to tax the credulity of the dullest police reporter. Any bundle of information off police blotters is bound to reflect a special viewpoint, and parts of the Attorney General's report are actually humorous, if only for the language. Here is an excerpt:

> *On November 4, 1961, a San Francisco resident driving through Rodeo, possibly under the influence of alcohol, struck a motorcycle belonging to a Hell's Angel parked outside a bar. A group of Angels pursued the vehicle, pulled the driver from the car and attempted to demolish the rather expensive vehicle. The bartender claimed he had seen nothing, but a cocktail waitress in the bar furnished identification to the officers concerning some of those responsible for the assault. The next day it was reported to officers that a member of the Hell's Angels gang had threatened the life of this waitress as well as another woman waitress. A male witness who definitely identified five participants in the assault including the president of the Vallejo Hell's Angels and the Vallejo "Road Rats" advised officers that because of his fear of retaliation by club members he would refuse to testify to the facts he had previously furnished.*

That is a representative item in the section of the report titled "Hoodlum Activities." First, it occurred in a small town—Rodeo is on San Pablo Bay just north of Oakland — where the Angels had stopped at a bar without causing any trouble until some offense was committed against them. In this case, a driver whom even the police admit was "possibly" drunk hit one of their motorcycles. The same kind of accident happens every day all over the nation, but when it involves outlaw motorcyclists it is something else again. Instead of settling the thing with an exchange of insurance information or, at the very worst, an argument with a few blows, the Hell's Angels beat the driver and "attempted to demolish the vehicle." I asked one of them if the police exaggerated this aspect, and he said no, they had done the natural thing: smashed headlights, kicked in doors, broken windows and torn various components off the engine.

Of all their habits and predilec-

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tions that society finds alarming, this departure from the time-honored concept of "an eye for an eye" is the one that most frightens people. The Hell's Angels try not to do anything halfway, and anyone who deals in extremes is bound to cause trouble, whether he means to or not. This, along with a belief in total retaliation for any offense or insult, is what makes the Hell's Angels unmanageable for the police and morbidly fascinating to the general public. Their claim that they "don't start trouble" is probably true more often than not, but their idea of "provocation" is dangerously broad, and their biggest problem is that nobody else seems to understand it. Even dealing with them personally, on the friendliest terms, you can sense their hair-trigger readiness to retaliate.

This is a public thing, and not at all true among themselves. In a meeting, their conversation is totally frank and open. They speak to and about one another with an honesty that more civilized people couldn't bear. At the meeting I attended (and before they realized I was a journalist) one Angel was being publicly evaluated; some members wanted him out of the club and others wanted to keep him in. It sounded like a group-therapy clinic in progress — not exactly what I expected to find when just before midnight I walked into the bar of the De Pau in one of the bleakest neighborhoods in San Francisco, near Hunters Point. By the time I parted company with them—at 6:30 the next morning after an all-night drinking bout in my apartment — I had been impressed by a lot of things, but no one thing about them was as consistently obvious as their group loyalty. This is an admirable quality, but it is also one of the things that gets them in trouble: a fellow Angel is *always right* when dealing with outsiders. And this sort of reasoning makes a group of "offended" Hell's Angels nearly impossible to deal with.

Here is another incident from the Attorney General's report:

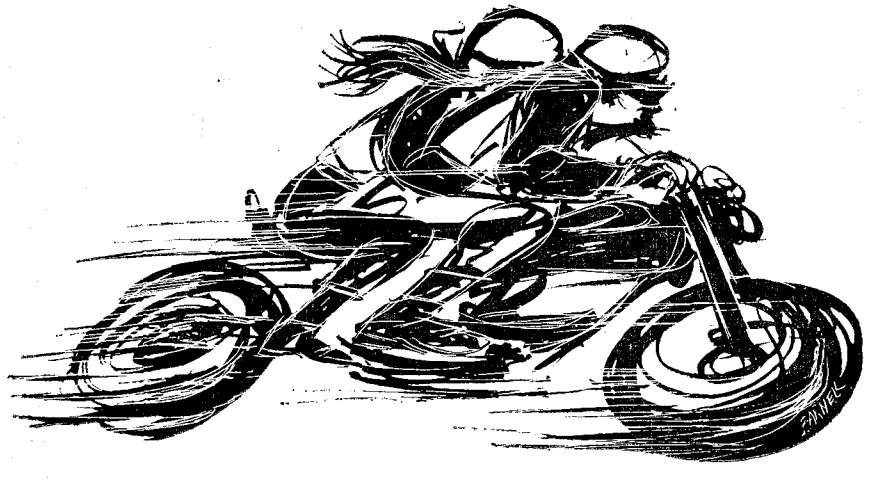
> *On September 19, 1964, a large group of Hell's Angels and "Satan's Slaves" converged on a bar in South Gate (Los Angeles County), parking their motorcycles and cars in the street in such a fashion as to block one-half of the roadway. They told officers that three members of the club had recently been asked to stay out of the bar and that they had come to tear it down. Upon their approach the bar owner locked the doors and turned off the lights and no entrance was made, but the group did demolish a cement block fence. On arrival of the police, members of the club were lying on the sidewalk and in the street. They were asked to leave the city, which they did reluctantly. As they left, several were heard to say that they would be back and tear down the bar.*

Here again is the ethic of total retaliation. If you're "asked to stay out" of a bar, you don't just punch the owner—you come back with your army and destroy the whole edifice. Similar incidents — along with a number of vague rape complaints—make up the bulk of the report. Eighteen incidents in four years, and none except the rape charges are more serious than cases of assault on citizens who, for their own reasons, had become involved with the Hell's Angels prior to the violence. I could find no cases of unwarranted attacks on wholly innocent victims. There are a few borderline cases, wherein victims of physical attacks seemed innocent, according to police and press reports, but later refused to testify for fear of "retaliation." The report asserts very strongly that Hell's Angels are difficult to prosecute and convict because they make a habit of threatening and intimidating witnesses. That is probably true to a certain extent, but in many cases victims have refused to testify because they were engaged in some legally dubious activity at the time of the attack.

In two of the most widely publicized incidents the prosecution would have fared better if their witnesses and victims *had* been intimidated into silence. One of these was the Monterey "gang rape," and the other a "rape" in Clovis, near Fresno in the Central Valley. In the latter, a 36-year-old widow and mother of five children claimed she'd been yanked out of a bar where she was having a quiet beer with another woman, then carried to an abandoned shack behind the bar and raped repeatedly for two and a half hours by fifteen or twenty Hell's Angels and finally robbed of $150. That's how the story appeared in the San Francisco newspapers the next day, and it was kept alive for a few more days by the woman's claims that she was getting phone calls threatening her life if she testified against her assailants.

Then, four days after the crime, the victim was arrested on charges of "sexual perversion." The true story emerged, said the Clovis chief of police, when the woman was "confronted by witnesses. Our investigation shows she was not raped," said the chief. "She participated in lewd acts in the tavern with at least three Hell's Angels before the owners ordered them out. She encouraged their advances in the tavern, then led them to an abandoned house in the rear. . . . She was not robbed but, according to a woman who accompanied her, had left her house early in the evening with $5 to go bar-hopping." That incident did not appear in the Attorney General's report.

But it was impossible not to mention the Monterey "gang rape," because it was the reason for the whole subject to become official. Page one of the report — which *Time's* editors apparently skipped— says that the Monterey case was



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dropped because ". . . further investigation raised questions as to whether forcible rape had been committed or if the identifications made by victims were valid." Charges were dismissed on September 25, with the concurrence of a grand jury. The deputy District Attorney said "a doctor examined the girls and found no evidence" to support the charges. "Besides that, one girl refused to testify," he explained, "and the other was given a lie-detector test and found to be wholly unreliable."

This, in effect, was what the Hell's Angels had been saying all along. Here is their version of what happened, as told by several who were there:

One girl was white and pregnant, the other was colored, and they were with five colored studs. They hung around our bar—Nick's Place on Del Monte Avenue—for about three hours Saturday night, drinking and talking with our riders, then they came out to the beach with us—them and their five boy friends. Everybody was standing around the fire, drinking wine, and some of the guys were talking to them—hustling 'em, naturally—and soon somebody asked the two chicks if they wanted to be turned on—you know, did they want to smoke some pot? They said yeah, and then they walked off with some of the guys to the dunes. The spade went with a few guys and then she wanted to quit, but the pregnant one was really hot to trot; the first four or five guys she was really dragging into her arms, but after that she cooled off, too. By this time, though, one of their boy friends had got scared and gone for the cops—and that's all it was.

But not quite all. After that there were Senator Farr and Tom Lynch and a hundred cops and dozens of newspaper stories and articles in the national news magazines—and even this article, which is a direct result of the Monterey "gang rape."

When the much-quoted report was released, the local press—primarily the *San Francisco Chronicle*, which had earlier done a long and fairly objective series on the Hell's Angels—made a point of saying the Monterey charges against the Hell's Angels had been dropped for lack of evidence. *Newsweek* was careful not to mention Monterey at all, but *The New York Times* referred to it as "the alleged gang rape" which, however, left no doubt in a reader's mind that something savage had occurred.

It remained for *Time*, though, to flatly ignore the fact that the Monterey rape charges had been dismissed. Its article leaned heavily on the hairiest and least factual sections of the report, and ignored the rest. It said, for instance, that the Hell's Angels initiation rite "demands that any new member bring a woman or girl [called a 'sheep'] who is willing to submit to sexual intercourse with each member of the club." That is untrue, although, as one Angel explained, "Now and then you get a woman who likes to cover the crowd, and hell, I'm no prude. People don't like to think women go for that stuff, but a lot of them do."

We were talking across a pool table about the rash of publicity and how it had affected the Angel's activities. I was trying to explain to him that the bulk of the press in this country has such a vested interest in the *status quo* that it can't afford to do much honest probing at the roots, for fear of what they might find.

"Oh, I don't know," he said. "Of course I don't like to read all this bullshit because it brings the heat down on us, but since we got famous we've had more rich fags and sex-hungry women come looking for us than we ever had before. Hell, these days we have more action than we can handle."

Five Seats in Congress

'The Mississippi Challenge' . . . . . George Slaff

The voting-rights bill which President Johnson sent to Congress as a result of the nation's anger, and his own, over the callous violence of Alabama state troopers at Selma and the murder of the Rev. James Reeb is a historic step forward—but long overdue and far from enough. (See "The Right To Vote: Small Fruit of a Bold Promise" by William W. Van Alstyne, *The Nation*, April 19.)

That it is long overdue is certainly no reason not to welcome it. That it is far from enough is certainly reason to point out that the Administration has at hand, if only it will use it, a much more effective way to guarantee the vote to Negroes in the South than this or any other piece of legislation that Congress could pass. That is the "Mississippi Challenge." If it succeeds—and what President Johnson and his Administration do about it may well determine whether or not it will succeed—it will stand as a lesson forever to the Southern states that as long as they prevent Negroes from voting they are in danger of losing their representation in Congress.

The "Mississippi Challenge" is the contest—filed on the first day of Congress this year on behalf of the Mississippi Freedom Democratic Party—to the right of the five Mississippi Congressmen to sit in the House of Representatives. It is based on the allegation that the Congressmen were nominated and elected in a primary and general election from which Negroes "were regularly and systematically excluded by intimidation, harassment, economic reprisal, property damage, terrorization, violence and illegal and unconstitutional registration procedures."

What are chances of the Challenge's success? Good, if the national indignation aroused by Selma and its aftermath does not cool off or become apathetically satisfied with a nominal voting-rights bill. Good, if the Challenge is determined on the basis of conditions as they exist in Mississippi, as documented by some 15,000 pages of

George Slaff is a lawyer practicing in Los Angeles and one of those who volunteered for the Mississippi Challenge.

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sworn testimony taken in the space of six weeks in a modern miracle of legal effort. Good, if the Administration and the Republican leadership make the slightest effort when the Challenge comes to a vote in the House to support the 149 Congressmen who voted, on January 4, not even to seat the five Mississippians until the Challenge was decided.

Federal law gives the contestants in such a challenge the right to take testimony to support their claim. The taking of that testimony has now been completed and has gone forward to the Subcommittee on Elections of the House Committee on Administration. From there it will be reported out to the House itself. The Mississippi Challenge has scarcely been mentioned in the nation's press, but Drew Pearson said recently, "The challenge to Mississippi's Congressmen is causing such worry that Gov. Paul Johnson has called off a special session of the state legislature originally planned to denounce the new civil rights act."

Under the Federal Code, the lawyers for the Mississippi Freedom Democratic Party had only forty days from January 4 in which to gather the evidence to support the Challenge and put it into deposition form. This deadline presented a challenge of its own, for there were hundreds of witnesses, friendly and hostile, to be interviewed, summoned and examined, mountains of voting records to be gone over and an infinitude of details to be covered properly. Any ordinary lawyer might be expected to call the undertaking impossible, but the lawyers for the Mississippi Freedom Democratic Party, headed by William Kunstler and Arthur Kinoy of New York, Mortimer Stavis of Newark, N.J., and Ben Smith and Bruce Waltzer of New Orleans, are not ordinary lawyers. To them, the impossible is simply routine in civil rights matters.

By personal appeal, phone, wire, letter—every form of communication except the jungle drum and the smoke signal—word went out to the lawyers of the country that there was work to be done—and fast — in Mississippi. Between the middle of January, and appropriately enough, Lincoln's Birthday, ninety-six of them had flown into the state at their own expense, had examined between 500 and 600 witnesses in thirty counties, and had taken approximately 15,000 pages of testimony, recorded by court reporters from outside the state who had also volunteered their services.

In Mississippi, only approximately 6 per cent of the eligible Negro citizens are registered to vote. In Panola County, up in the northwestern part of the state, where Mike Lewton of San Francisco, Roy Collins of Danbury, and I held hearings during the week ending January 12, only two Negroes had been permitted to register from 1890 to 1962!

The year 1890 has special significance in Mississippi history. It was then that the white oligarchy of the state, seeking some "legal" means of disenfranchising the half million registered Negroes, adopted a new Constitution which required that to be a voter a person had to be able to "read any section of the Constitution of this state . . . or give a reasonable interpretation thereof." By strict application of this requirement, with unlimited discretion in the Registrar of Voters as to what constitutes a "reasonable interpretation thereof," more than 90 per cent of the Negro citizenry of Mississippi is today barred from the polls. Approximately 28,500 Negroes are registered in Mississippi as against 525,000 white registrants (who, as a practical matter, are not subjected to the test of constitutional erudition), although the Negro population of the state is approximately two-thirds that of the white.

The testimony in the Challenge varied in detail from county to county, but the basic pattern was the same. Panola County is a good example of the situation throughout the state.

The hearings were held in "Freedom House," the COFO headquarters in Batesville, the county seat. Close to 200 Negro residents of Panola County were in the hearing room which could comfortably hold about 150. The corridor outside was packed ten and twelve deep with Negroes who had come from all over the county to listen. Outside, at each of the eight windows, opened a trifle at the bottom, Negroes stood on tiptoe, three and four deep.

Robert J. Miles, one of the leaders in Negro voter registration in the county and a founder of the Negro Voters League and the Freedom Democratic Party, was the first witness. Miles is a quiet, determined, fearless man, 50 years old, whose house was bombed twice last summer and shot at many times. He speaks softly but firmly.

He unhesitatingly told of conditions in Panola County over the years — the fear, the threats, the harassment, the intimidation, the evictions, the economic reprisals that had always effectively stopped Negro voter registration. He spoke of the "Darby days"—the dark periods when Sheriff Darby had ruled the county from 1951 to 1955 and again from 1959 to 1963—and of the beatings and killings of Negroes that marked Darby's reign. The hiatus between Darby's terms of office and the fact that he is not now sheriff are due to a Mississippi law that prevents various officials from succeeding themselves.

Miles stated that the Negroes in Panola County, as well as in the rest of the state, bore vividly in mind the death of the Reverend Lee in Belzoni and the killing of a Mr. Smith on the courthouse steps down in the southeastern part of the state. Both had expressed the determination to vote. He told of the cancellation of all his insurance after his first attempt to register and of the threat to kill him made to his neighbor, Mrs. Caldwell.

That pressure from outside and putting Mississippi in the spotlight of national attention have some value became evident when we went to see Sheriff Hubbard at the end of the day to tell him that we expected no harm to come to our witnesses. He assured us that he would have deputies patrolling in the neighborhoods where the witnesses lived and that he had already arranged a meeting that evening with some of the plantation owners and others to tell them that there were to be no reprisals. This solicitude reflected the word that had come down from former Governor Coleman, representing the Congressmen, that there were to be no incidents during the Challenge because of the reaction outside Mississippi.

However, it is entirely likely that the moment the spotlight is turned off, the terror that has been commonplace in Mississippi for generations will be unleashed again. Less than a week after we finished

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taking testimony, the COFO headquarters in Laurel, Miss., was burned to the ground. A few days later, the headline in the *Los Angeles Times* over a story of the hearings held by the U.S. Civil Rights Commission read: "MISSISSIPPI 'SAVAGERY' SHOCKS RIGHTS PROBER: *Commission Hears Sworn Testimony of Floggings and Slayings of Negroes.*" Early in March, *The New York Times* carried the following story from Batesville about what

happened there when Negroes gathered outside the court where a group of local Negroes and two COFO workers were being tried on charges of "parading without a permit, blocking the sidewalk and disturbing the peace":

A crowd of several hundred Negroes gathered to learn the decision in Mayor's court.

This brought several hundred whites to the scene. Toughs spotted Christopher Williams, of Amherst, Mass., 18-year-old son of Schafer Williams, history professor of the University of Massachusetts. They beat the youth to the ground and stomped on him. He still has a red, three-inch wound from a kick in the face.

Six Negroes also were beaten, one requiring five stitches to close a wound over his eye. One Negro, Robert Miles, fought back.

This started a brawl. The police, who had been watching, broke it up. Mr. Miles and two of the whites were arrested and released on bond.

Then on Sunday night a shotgun was fired through the window of the front door of the Miles home. Pellets just missed Mr. Williams and another white worker, 21-year-old Penny Patch of Englewood, N.J. The two are living at the Miles home.

Robert Miles surely knew as he testified that day in February that his future would not be free of violence, yet he continued to tell calmly of the efforts made by himself, his brother-in-law, William Kuykendall, C. J. Williams, the Reverend Middleton, Lamarr Thomas and others to organize a voters' league among the Negroes of Panola County in 1959. A few of them had begun to study the Constitution of Mississippi in detail and had gone in groups of three to register; all had been failed in their applications. Mr. Miles said that Kuykendall had been shot at and that crosses were burned at his home; he said that Town Marshall Ira Seals had beaten 12-year-old Linda Kuykendall so badly that she had been hospitalized, telling her it was "on account of your father being a smart, NAACP nigger." He told of the telephone threats and the shots at Kuykendall's home which finally forced him to take his family from Batesville to the safety of Detroit.

Although, by comparison, violence against Negroes has been less in Panola than in some of the other counties in Mississippi, Panola Negroes have been beaten, shot and killed by sheriffs, by highway patrolmen and by white civilians—and none of the offenders has been punished by the law. Robert Miles pointed out that the Negroes of Panola always bore this fact of life—and death—in mind and that it had discouraged registration.

All that day and for half of the next, witness followed witness with personal testimony as to why only two Negroes had been permitted to register in Panola County in the seventy-two years from 1890 to 1962. C. J. Williams looked straight at the lawyers for the Congressmen as he told of the fear that gripped the Negro community when voting was discussed; of nocturnal roadblocks as late as last September, manned by the sheriff, his deputies and the district attorney in person, to get the names of everyone who attended a voter-registration meeting. Rev. W.G. Middleton, 10 years old when the 1890 Constitution took the franchise away from Negroes, and who was to say after the hearings were over, "I saw the doors close and now I have seen them open again," sat erectly in the witness chair and looked out at the crowded hearing room as he might upon his congregation. He gave in measured tones a detailed recital of the absolute deprivation of the rights of American citizenship that had been the Negroes' lot in Panola County. His voice was firm with hope and confidence for the future—the Reverend Middletons, the Mileses, the Williamses of Panola County do not frighten easily or despair readily.

Mrs. Caldwell took the stand to state that the sheriff's son-in-law had threatened to kill Miles if he didn't get those COFO workers out of his house. Sharecroppers from plantations near Batesville and from Crenshaw, 30 miles away, told of coming to register and of being turned away because the registrar was not in his office, or of standing in line all day and having the office closed before they had a chance to get in—and this even after the registrar was subject to a federal court injunction.

Charles Gardner, who had been a tenant farmer on the McMillen plantation for eight years, testified that he was ordered to leave shortly after his wife had registered to vote last August. Clara Perry, who had been a tenant for two years on the R. L. Milam plantation, was told to get out by Milam himself three or four days after she registered. And so it went with witness after witness, including two of the unsinkable COFO workers, Penny Patch and Claire O'Conner, and concluding just before noon on Wednesday with Rev. Charles E. Lester, ordained a minister in 1922, now more than 80 years old, who was ordered out of the place he had occupied for ten years on the Crenshaw plantation a week or so after he attempted to register last summer.

Then it became the turn of the registrar of voters, Ike Shankle, to take the stand and to account, under oath, for his actions. For years Shankle and his predecessors had been requiring Negroes in Panola County to interpret such portions of the Mississippi Constitution as Sec. 212 which deals with the interest rate of the Chickasaw School fund and other trust funds for educational purposes for which the state is responsible, etc., etc.

It may thus come as a surprise that the man who determines whether a Negro's written interpretation of esoteric sections of the Mississippi Constitution entitles him to vote

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confessed, in reply to the first question I put to him, that he had not the slightest idea of what a bill of attainder was, although the prohibition against bills of attainder is contained in the Bills of Rights of at least thirty-four of the fifty states. He admitted that if that were a part of the Mississippi Constitution he would not be able to interpret it—and that when he had first registered he had not been asked to interpret any section of the Constitution, but had merely "gone down to the courthouse and signed the book."

For a day and a half Shankle sweated on the stand, trying to explain why he did not consider "No one should be convicted for the same things twice" to be a reasonable interpretation of the "double jeopardy" section of the Mississippi Constitution; why he had closed down one of the two voter-registration offices in the county and forced a large part of its Negro residents to trek an additional 25 or 30 miles to register; why he refused to appoint any deputy registrars to handle applications, with the result that Negroes were prevented from registering during the two months when he was acting as clerk of the circuit court, while he was on vacation, or during the many other times when he was away from his office; why he had denied a Negro applicant the right to register because, although she had answered perfectly the twenty-one questions on the application, including the constitutional interpretation and the final question requiring her to write her understanding "of the duties and obligations of citizenship under a constitutional form of government," she had signed the application in only one of the two required places; why, indeed, he had refused to certify the names of registered voters on a petition to place Mrs. Fanny Lou Hamer on the ballot to contest the Congressional seat in the last election, and to place the name of Aaron Henry, president of the Mississippi NAACP, on the ballot for the United States Senate.

Sheriff Hubbard, following Mr. Shankle to the stand, spun a fanciful tale of trying to intercept moonshiners as the reason for a four-road block last September by which he and his deputies and the district attorney secured the names of all who attended a voter-registration meeting. The district attorney's presence, he explained, was not an attempt to intimidate potential voters; he had "happened" to meet the D.A. that evening and Mr. Finch was just "taking a ride with me like he often done."

Finch, a filibusterer to put Senator Claghorn to shame, swore to the same thing, although he could not recall where or when he "happened" to meet the Sheriff that evening. He admitted writing down the names of occupants of cars coming from the meeting, but denied that this had anything to do with the fact that they were organizing to vote.

Plantation owners, called to the stand, piously denied intimidation, threat, harassment, as they reluctantly agreed that voting and registering to vote were duties and obligations of citizenship which they recognized and which should not be denied to Negro citizens.

At 11:15 A.M. on Friday, February 12, the hearing ended and as it did, 200 people stood in the hearing room, joined hands and burst out with *We Shall Overcome*. It was an unforgettable moment for those of us who had come from far away to help the Negro people of Mississippi.

The lawyers for the Congressmen gathered their papers and left the room followed by the dozen or so white witnesses and spectators. C. J. Williams mounted a table and exhorted everyone in the audience who had not yet registered to "Go down to the courthouse and register *now*—not tomorrow or the day after but *now!* You heard them say it's all right for you to register. Go ahead and do it. Now! Now! Now!"

But while such emotional fulfillment is all very well, the important matter is the effect, and the effectiveness, of the Challenge. So far the results have been valuable in two respects. First, the evidence at the hearings is more than enough to provide a solid basis for Congressional action to oust the Mississippi Congressmen. Second, the hearings have provided a tremendous boost to the morale of the Negroes over the entire state, both leaders and rank and file.

There remains to be accomplished the third and final result—the actual ousting of the five pretenders. It would be naive to assume that this decisive step will be taken strictly from an impartial weighing of the evidence by individual Congressmen. The Southern bloc of approximately 100 votes will be cast almost solidly against the Challenge. Political considerations of every sort will, in varying degrees, enter into the determination of the rest of Congress.

Some Congressmen will satisfy their consciences by voting for the voting-rights bill and then against the Challenge, on the theory that "enough is enough" and why rock the boat of Congressional privilege. The Administration, too, may decide that there is more to be lost than gained by creating further antagonism among the white population of the South. The soft pedal may very well replace the blazing anger that President Johnson displayed in his voting-rights address.

In fact, a great deal could be gained by ousting the five Congressmen, and there is every reason for the Administration to give its full force to the effort. All possible steps must be taken by every interested person and organization to see that their own Congressmen and as many others as can be reached, as well as the Administration itself,

support the Challenge wholeheartedly when it reaches the floor of Congress. A successful answer to the Mississippi Challenge will go further toward shaping the course of democracy in the South than the voting-rights bill and a half dozen Supreme Court decisions, important as those are. Once the principle is established that Congress itself—without the need for Court intervention—will not tolerate Negro disenfranchisement, Negro disenfranchisement will really begin to disappear from America.

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North Korea: NATION AT SCHOOL

Roland Berger

During the war, 90 per cent of the schools and other educational institutions of North Korea were destroyed. Students were drafted for military service; education was conducted underground or in remote parts of the country. It was not until the Armistice agreement of July, 1953, that a start could be made to reconstruct the educational system.

Today, school and study are the watchwords wherever you go, whether in town or country, in factory or on cooperative farm. If not the key to North Korea's extraordinary recovery from the scorched earth of only eleven years ago, education and training have certainly been a major factor in a rate of growth which Prof. Joan Robinson has referred to as an "economic miracle."

Since 1953, education has marched in step with overall economic planning in North Korea, animated, as the Koreans say, by the spirit of "Ch'ollima," the legendary "thousand-league flying horse." Progress in the national economy and in education has been equally fast and impressive.

Basic education has advanced in three main stages. Four years of primary education were achieved by 1956. In 1960, the addition of three years of middle school made North Korea the first Asian country to attain a universal seven-year program of free education. Two years of technical education were added in 1964 to provide a compulsory nine-year period of education. The technical courses that complete the schooling include mechanical and electrical engineering, chemistry, agriculture, medicine, economics, textile technology, geology, forestry and commerce.

Today, 466 higher technical schools with a student body of 145,000 are offering studies in eighteen branches of technology. By 1967, an eleven-year compulsory system will be instituted for the whole country by adding two years of senior technical school. North Korea will by then have trained 230,000 engineers and specialists, and 600,000 assistant engineers and secondary specialists—figures which give substance to the call made by the Korea Workers' Party in December of 1964 to "push ahead the technical revolution as a mass movement" in the next year.

At present, 2.6 million pupils are enrolled in 8,900 primary, middle and technical schools; nearly 1.5 million children are in nurseries and kindergarten, and 1 million workers and peasants continue their education in working people's schools. Since the total population of the country is 11.5 million, one gets the impression that almost everyone is busy in study or training, striving to live up to the claim made in 1962 that "the entire working population are becoming the masters of science and technique, educated and cultured builders of a new society."

Perhaps most remarkable of all are the achievements in adult education. The program that was started in 1961 aims to educate the entire population at least up to middle-school level, and to insure that the whole working population of town and country is qualified in one or another branch of technology. This program, described as a "technical and intellectual revolution," penetrates to the level of individual factories and cooperative farms. The larger factories have attached to them colleges that provide four years of full-time education, mostly technical, at university level. Worker-students take four hours of lectures a day on five days a week after working hours. There is also a country-wide network of spare-time educational institutions and a fully developed system of correspondence courses.

The Kansung Steel Works which I visited last November, employs 10,000 workers, 27 per cent of them women. The general manager, who is also principal of the factory's technical college, told me that more than half of the employees attend spare-time schools organized by the factory. All the workers had been brought up to primary-school level, and at the time of my visit 1,000 adult students were passing through the factory middle school; another 2,500 were taking courses in technical or higher technical schools, and some 1,500 were studying at the technical college. I found similar programs at the Kiyang Tractor factory and the Hwanghai Iron Works.

North Korea's policy of economic self-reliance and the speed with which the country has been carrying out its reconstruction have been strongly supported by the intensity and far-ranging character of technical training, which started immediately after liberation. At present 65 per cent of university students are enrolled in engineering and other technical courses. Education in the rural areas has been a cardinal factor in raising production and turning North Korea from a food-deficit into a food-sufficient area.

Nearly eleven years ago, Kim Il Sung, Premier of North Korea, stated: "Adult education should be developed continuously and energetically in the countryside so that the entire peasantry may acquire general knowledge above that of the junior middle school graduate plus the necessary technical know-how of farming." It seems that this process is well advanced and that North Korea is an outstanding example not only for Asia but for all developing countries of how to bridge the educational gap between the rural and urban areas.

Enrollment in universities and colleges has increased tenfold since the end of the Korean War so that North Korea now provides university education for 2 per cent of its population. The great majority of the students entering universities are adults with two or more years' experience in factory or farm behind them.

At present, the 2.5 million pupils in primary, middle and technical schools are taught by 80,000 teachers. Each of the nine provinces of North Korea boasts a teachers'

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training college, in addition to which there are seven normal colleges. These provide three- or four-year courses. Teachers for technical schools are trained in the universities. At the summit of the teachers' training system stands the Pyongyang Pedagogical University, offering four- and five-year courses and postgraduate and research facilities.

Massive attempts to instill an ideology in the people of town and country have accompanied the drive for higher educational and cultural standards. The concept of collective working —"one for all and all for one"— has been built into the system at all levels. The dignity of labor is stressed and the importance of the "Socialist man" in the construction of the new Socialist society is a recurring theme. The People's Assembly of October, 1962, called for all leading functionaries and the entire working population to live a frugal life, avoiding excesses and maintaining a posture ready to meet the challenge of the rapid social and economic advancement of the country. A people who suffered for so many years under Japanese colonialism and who saw their country laid waste by the Korean War, are not deaf to such appeals.

Writing in *The China Quarterly* (April-June, 1963), Key P. Yang (Korean specialist in the Library of Congress, Washington) and Chang-Boh Chee (professor of sociology, Wake Forest College, Winston-Salem, N.C.) suggested that "credit for the resurrection of an indigenous educational system must be given to Kim Il Sung":

> *Kim's major objective is to erase from the minds of the Korean people their concept of themselves as the isolated poverty-stricken hermit people of the Yi dynasty, and their more recent memories of themselves as an enslaved people who helplessly submitted to the colonial yoke of Japanese imperialism. To erase from the minds of the Koreans this concept of themselves as a subjugated, inferior people, Kim has instituted a pervasive and systematic study of Korea's historical and cultural heritage.*

It was in December, 1955, that Kim voiced strong criticism of those who "merely copy or learn by rote things foreign, instead of working creatively," and put forward his notion of "national individuality." An educational program so intense, and with such strong emphasis on national individuality, might produce a people of insular and chauvinistic outlook if not, indeed, a generation of perfervid nationalists. It is a danger that Kim Il Sung himself has apparently foreseen and perhaps the best reassurance is to be found in his words:

> *Patriotism and internationalism are inseparable one from the other. He who does not love his country cannot be loyal to internationalism, and he who is not faithful to internationalism cannot be faithful to his own country and people. A true patriot is an internationalist and vice versa.*

THE WASTERS

Logging for Floods . . . . . Lois Phillips Hudson

Boulder, Colo.

Since the invention of language, men have sought to understand the things that happen to them by naming those things. Thus, a few days after the West Coast flood of the 1964 Christmas season, Governor Edmund G. Brown, of California, gave a name to the catastrophe that killed forty-four people, strewed the rich bottom lands with thousands of drowned dairy cattle and caused more than a billion dollars of damage to public and private property. He called this flood "the worst in a thousand years—a great national disaster."

Certainly the 1964 flood was a "great national disaster," of a magnitude and significance not yet understood by the nation, but the drama of Governor Brown's coinage, "the flood of a thousand years," tends to obscure questions that should be raised about the disaster. His name for the flood implies that never in a thousand years had so much water fallen in a Northern California December. Yet the city of Eureka, where Governor Brown spoke his epithet, received less rain in December of 1964 than it did during the last "unprecedented" flood of December, 1955. (The figures are 11.63 inches for 1955, and 10.96 inches for 1964.)

At Orick, 36 miles north of Eureka, the rainfall in December, 1955, was 21.75 inches and in December, 1964, it was 22.24 inches. Orick was damaged in the earlier flood, but in December, 1964, it was submerged under 10 feet of water. Exactly two months before "The Flood of a Thousand Years" I toured some freshly logged mountainsides around Orick with Joe Hood, a ranger from Prairie Creek Redwoods State Park—10,000 acres of virgin forest 4 miles from Orick. In a heavy-duty truck we left the highway, fringed with trees that screened the logging sites from passing tourists, and followed a rough logging road into a man-made wasteland. Mr. Hood stopped the truck and pointed up a hillside, 700 feet from base to crown and sloping on a grade of 40 degrees.

I had seen that mountainside two years before, when it was covered by the same wet jungle that still cloaks the sharp ridges of adjacent Prairie Creek Park. Virgin redwoods, 2,000 years old, rose densely more than 300 feet into the air. In spots along the precipitous forest floor the sunlight had not penetrated for centuries, and nowhere was the earth itself exposed. A layers-deep carpet of oxalis, dew-filled on the driest summer day, spread thickly around the trees, along with the ferns, bushes, shrubs, brambles and vines that constitute the high, lush undergrowth of an old-growth forest.

A virgin redwood jungle seems indestructible, as though it had always existed and always would—

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indeed, close ancestors of the *sequoia sempervirens* grew in profusion over the Northern Hemisphere, from Greenland to Europe and Asia, during the Jurassic Age, 130 million years ago. Certainly the first Northern California pioneers thought the redwood jungle was indestructible, as they hacked their way through it on a desperate starvation march, making no more than 1 or 2 miles a day, though they cut a trail only wide enough for men and mules. In this region of unusually thin topsoil, of sharply angled hills, and of torrential downpours during three or four months of the year, when most of the normal 80-100-inch annual quota of precipitation will fall, the redwoods have created their own climate, their own means of holding the soil and the water. This was the jungle I went into two years ago with the logging superintendent of the company, so that I could see a big tree come down.

The mountainside had been bulldozed into soft piles of earth and bedded with branches, undergrowth and the bodies of young new trees, but no matter how soft the bed waiting to receive the tree, the logging superintendent was dubious. "I think it's rotten in the middle," he said. "I told them I don't think it will be any good for lumber. It's going to break up in a hundred pieces when it hits."

The two men working on the 12-foot butt stopped their chain saws and scuttled the 10 feet down the severed trunk to the ground. With the near chain saws silenced, I could hear other saws all around us, and bulldozers plowing up other beds or cutting roads deep into the mountainside. The men with the chain saws cried a long "Ti-i-i-m-m-m-mber!" as though they cried to a vanished age, and the tree began to tremble far away at its crown. It cracked, leaned, fell like an avalanche.

And even before the thunder had ceased its long echoing, or the exploding dust had cleared, we could see that the tree had splintered in length after length over the soft bed prepared for it up the mountainside. The new raw stump, hollow in its center, was filled with water. "Well, I knew it," said my companion. "This fellow has been leaking from the top for 500 years. I would have given you 10 to 1 it was a leaker. I told them I didn't think it would be any good," he said, "but we're doing clean logging now, and everything goes."

I asked him how much longer the ruined tree might have stood. Another 500 years, he guessed. Then it would have fallen, in some storm, to be host to all the undergrowth sustaining the jungle above, to be a natural dam to the occasional floods that penetrated the roof of upper branches, to give itself to the survival of its land, and of its kind.

Two years later, with Ranger Joe Hood, I stood at the base of that mountainside, two months before "The Flood of a Thousand Years," and looked at a new definition of "clean logging." The mountainside was a yellow-orange pulp of light, deep dust. Bulldozed roads cut straight up and down the slope, and the only evidence of vegetable life was the piles of slash waiting to be burned. I could have walked over a couple of hundred acres without finding a spray of oxalis.

After the slash was burned, the company planned to strew the pulp that once was a mountain with Douglas fir seeds from a low-flying helicopter. Thus the company may call its newly created desert a "tree farm," and qualify for tax abatements because of its expenditure in "reforestation." One such "tree farm," a few miles from Orick, was established three years ago, and an extensive exhibit has been set up to reassure passing tourists, who see only this one "farm" as they tour the redwood parks, and do not know of the others camouflaged by strips of virgin growth left near the highway. The sample trees in the exhibit were grown from seed, as the large sign proclaims—but they were grown from seed in a nursery. Otherwise, the hillside of that "tree farm" is almost as bare as it was three years ago, almost as bare as the new "tree farm" Joe Hood took me to see last October. "That's what I call *planned* erosion," said Mr. Hood.

In 1960, the U. S. Forest Service estimated that all of the virgin redwood in private ownership (and only 7 per cent of the virgin forest is now publicly owned) will have

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been cut by 1980. Given such a swift and drastic alteration of our planet, and considering the ruthless means by which this alteration is being effected in many of the timbered mountainous areas of the Pacific Northwest, it seems only logical to ask whether the vast devastation of the December, 1964, flood was all caused by an "act of God." In even a "normal" year for erosion in logged areas, the loss of soil from such a drainage as the South Fork of the Eel River amounts to about 6 pounds of earth for every square yard of land. It seems logical to ask whether it was an "act of God" or an act of man that resulted in the deposit of 4 feet of silt over hundreds of acres of bottom land at the mouth of the Eel during the 1964 flood. There is no doubt that various places in the higher parts of the Coast Range, 20 or 30 miles inland, received enormous amounts of water during December, 1964. Yet there is much evidence that, far from being an unprecedented "flood of a thousand years," the 1964 downpour was probably no more severe than a number of others in the region during the last century.

The journals of the gold miners and other early adventurers in California tell of shockingly wet years as early as 1846, the year when snow in the Sierras and swollen streams in the valley below prevented rescuers from getting to the Donner party for long fatal months. In 1850, another downpour caused the Sacramento River to rise over its wide flat banks and inundate thousands of acres in the great valley. But we do not read of the deposit of 4 feet of silt over those valley acres. Again in 1862, a wet season flooded the central valley, and, in this century, a flood rising rapidly in the tight mountain canyons of the Klamath River took out a bridge built 70 feet above low water. In short, it would appear that unusually wet seasons are a predictable feature of the ecology of Northern California.

But although the precipitation of December, 1964, was quite probably not without precedent, the damage it caused was certainly unprecedented. Obviously, the more heavily populated an area is, the greater will be the possibility of damage to human installations, and the expansion of population can be expected to result in an expansion of property damage during any natural calamity. Nevertheless, the question remains, how much of the 1964 damage to property and to the earth itself may be attributed directly to man's use, or ill-use, of his planet? And if this damage to public and private property is caused, in part, by readily identifiable men, should those men be required to bear part of the burden of restoring a "disaster area"? And further, since the government must assume most of the cost of repairing damage caused by them, should these men be enjoined by that government from continuing practices which, while enriching a private sector of the economy, endanger the life and property of a public sector? There are no easy answers to these questions, but there is a great deal of relevant information available to anybody who would like to ponder them.

For example, although lumber companies tend to complain fiercely about the taxes they pay, in Humboldt County—the "heart of the Redwood Empire" — logged land (even when it is called a "tree farm") is taxed at about 25c an acre—this rate being a kind of official recognition of what forest land, originally valued at tens of thousands of dollars per acre, is worth after it has been cut. The lumber companies do not complain about the tax rate on logged land. Nor do they complain about the massive doses of federal aid now pouring into the "disaster areas" on the West Coast. Nor do they complain when federal money builds them logging roads into National Forests. It is significant that a regional forester of the U. S. Forest Service declared that the worst damage of the flood in Oregon was to logging areas and to government property in those areas. As an example, he pointed to a Forest Service road in the Clackamas basin which simply disappeared for 5 miles of its route—a route over which, he said, "200 million feet of logs move every year."

Typical of the relationship between private enterprise and the government in the logging areas of the West Coast is a contract, still very much in force, that was made in 1936 between the company that logged the mountainside I visited and the People of the State of California. It reads, in part,

> *Excepting and reserving*, however to the grantors [the logging company], their successors and assigns, *the right to muddy, roil, or otherwise obstruct, pollute or disturb the waters of Prairie Creek or any tributary thereof* that may be necessary or caused by any of the operations of grantors . . . in logging the real properties of the said grantors . . . and in this particular, . . . [the] *grantee* [the State of California] *releases grantors*, their successors and assigns, and/or officers, employees or agents thereof, *from any and all damages and/or injury to grantee* [the State of California] *whether or not resulting from the fault or negligence of grantors*. [Emphasis added.]

While federal funds salvage the economy of Northern California, I think of some of the statements made by "spokesmen" for the area during the last year or two. These men, if they are not closely identified with the logging industry, are almost always at least convinced that the economies of their counties and towns are totally dependent on keeping the loggers in business. Thus, the chairman of the board of Humboldt County Supervisors remarked last summer, on a tour of a new "clean-logging operations site," that he "expected that by the time my grandchildren have grandchildren, this country will be down to the bare rock." And he went on to say that he could not see that any other future might be in store for those hillsides. And the former president of the Eureka Chamber of Commerce stated at a public hearing over whether or not a four-lane superhighway should be cut through Prairie Creek Redwoods State Park, "Posterity is a fine word, but I doubt whether you or I will be around to see it."

So long as we give some name to a disaster, or so long as we simply call it an "act of God," we may be "explaining" our way into accepting a kind of planetary bankruptcy. Unless we examine the causes of "unprecedented" disasters more carefully in the future than we have in the past, and unless we come to see that federal aid to "disaster areas" can hardly be the ultimate answer to the disasters of floods, fouled air, polluted streams, destroyed wild life and eroded mountainsides, we may find that "The Flood of a Thousand Years" will come again in twenty years, or ten years, or one year.

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The Mess: Three Views

THE NEW FACE OF WAR. By Malcolm W. Browne. Preface by Henry Cabot Lodge. The Bobbs-Merrill Co. 284 pp. $5.

VIETNAM: INSIDE STORY OF THE GUERILLA WAR. By Wilfred G. Burchett. International Publishers. 253 pp. $4.95.

VIETNAM: AN EYE-WITNESS ACCOUNT. By Suzanne Labin. Crestwood Books. 100 pp. $1.50 paper.

Bernard B. Fall

The second Indo-China War has been discovered by the American public now that American servicemen are being committed in it in ever-increasing numbers, and books on Vietnam are flooding the book shelves. And that is a good thing, for it takes the subject away from the columnists and the official press handouts and puts it where the public can examine it at greater leisure. Not that all those books are *good*—far from it—or even unbiased (they are not); but they leave a more permanent record of certain crucial events which must be examined if one wishes to understand at least a small part of the war which now engulfs the "two Vietnams."

The three books under review represent an interesting "spread" in the field, since they include an American Pulitzer Prize-winning journalist, an Australian who does not hide his Communist sympathies and a Frenchwoman who, on the score of Vietnam, actually stands to the *right* of the John Birch Society. Of the three, Browne's book will probably be the most interesting and the most disturbing, for he forces the reader to look unblinkingly into what he calls "the new face of war," from burning Buddhist priests to Vietcong suspects being keelhauled to death behind American armored personnel carriers. It would be interesting to know whether Ambassador Lodge, who prefaced the book, was fully aware of the kind of photographs which would illustrate it.

Browne is a journalist, and by now probably the dean of the Saigon press corps, U.S. division (*Newsweek's* French reporter François Sully no doubt holding the overall record with fifteen years in the country). This gives him an authority few can match. He does not editorialize, nor does he write history; his book is functionally divided into such subjects as "Mechanized paddy war," or "Viet-Cong gadgets" or "Our image." Working for the Associated Press, Browne writes in the quietly understated style of the wire-service reporter, which only makes the facts he cites more impressive. The reader can, unfortunately, fully believe him when he affirms that of the thousands of officials in the Vietnamese administration whom he meets, "I can think of none who does not more or less hold the Vietnamese people in contempt." Or when he tells the story of the Vietnamese army units who collect "taxes" in a village and later have it napalmed out of existence so as to cover up for their malfeasance. Or when he cites an American official in Saigon as saying that the "only solution to all this is to bomb the hell out of both Hanoi and Saigon, and start the whole thing from scratch, working entirely with the peasants." Although Hanoi may well be bombed before much more of the year has passed, and Saigon may well be mortar shelled in return (or vice versa, depending on who is playing retaliation), I am afraid that it is a bit late for "starting from scratch." The whole world is stuck with the Vietnam mess just the way it is, and Malcolm Browne honestly admits there are no good solutions, let alone quick and easy ones.

Having said that the book is excellent and should be read by every concerned person, I can only regret that even as sensitive a journalist as Mr. Browne apparently never bothered to pick up a modicum of Vietnam's background, not even for the past two decades: the Hoa-Hao sect was not led by a "Christlike-looking man named Ba-Cut" but by a mad-looking prophet named Huynh Phu So. Ba-Cut merely was one of the Hoa-Hao war lords. Trinh Minh Thé did not lead the Cao-Dai forces (he was but one of several war lords and most of the time hostile to his own religious leaders); General de Castries at Dienbienphu did not command a "brigade" but a 15,000-man force; and France's flag, in French, is not the "*tricouleur*"—logical as this may sound to American ears—but the *tricolore*. In his conclusion, Browne expresses the hope that the United States, in this era of revolutionary warfare, "can put Marx, Lenin, Mao and Giap to work for it, without embracing communism itself." As a Frenchman who has seen some of his own country's military embracing such theories as a psychological substitute for true political reforms, this reviewer hopes that the United States can do better than that.

Burchett's book is literally the opposite story for he has, over the past ten years, observed the Vietnam scene from the other side of the fence: either from Hanoi or from inside South Vietnam itself, but on the Vietcong side. To dismiss Burchett's book simply as "Communist propaganda" would be too easy. Of course, it contains Communist propaganda, but it contains a great number of important truths as well. In fact, Burchett's story is a bit like the Russians' more recent publications on space: enough successes allow them to play at least part of the story straight. There is, for example, no doubt that Burchett repeatedly traveled inside "our" Vietnam (as a corpulent white man, the way I remember him from personal acquaintance) *without being picked up by "our"* Vietnamese, even though he had been photographed together with some of the American prisoners held by the Vietcong—not one of whom has thus far been liberated by initiatives from our side. This is a good indication of how good Vietcong control over the civilian population is.

Some of the descriptions of life in the "liberated zones" have an evident ring of truth and are fully corroborated by what line-crossers or deserters tell us; and perhaps one of the most tragi-comical lines of the book occurs when the author describes the passage of a column of Communist regulars with rucksacks fashioned from American-donated flour bags, each marked with the U.S. Seal and the inscription: "Gift of the People of the U.S.A." And he adds that the American "clasped hands of friend-

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ship" symbol was more in evidence in the Vietcong zone "than their own yellow-starred red and blue flag." (There is, however, a good reason for the discretion about the latter: it draws the unwelcome attention of Vietnamese and American jet bombers.)

The best part of the book, and thus far unequaled in any other publication, is Burchett's description of the organization and structure of the National Liberation Front of South Vietnam (NLFSV). After reading it, it is difficult to dismiss the guerrillas as "gooks anonymous." They are men with known backgrounds, with photogenic faces, and with precise political aspirations. Of course, they are "connected" with Hanoi, as were all the West European underground movements affiliated with Special Operations Executive in London during World War II; this did not mean that their political objectives were similar to those of their exile regimes in London even when they received military orders, parachuted equipment and OSS teams from the outside. In the long run, the "internal" resistance movements largely imposed their stamp on the postwar European liberation regimes. One may well wonder (and Burchett, of course, does not offer a satisfactory answer to this) whether the very harshness of the war is not doing the same thing for the Vietcong.

In his final chapter, Burchett makes the often overlooked point that the NLFSV in 1962 threatened to appeal to North Vietnam for help; and in an epilogue, dated January, 1965, he quotes Nguyen Huu Tho, the chairman of the Liberation Front, on General Maxwell Taylor's tactics. I wonder whether Taylor ever read it, for it is a frightening symptom of the whole Vietnam mess that Tho and Taylor, to all appearances, fully *agree*:

> *. . . he has brought nothing new* [from Washington]. *A few hundred more U.S. "advisers," a few more planes, tanks, artillery. But it is not bombs and artillery that win wars; it is infantry that can occupy territory. And here they are in a real impasse. . . . Above all it is morale that counts; it is the human factor that is decisive.*

Apparently, both Taylor and Washington have bought Nguyen Huu Tho's estimate, and now preparations are under way to beef up the Vietnamese army and to transform the U.S. advisers into an enlarged battle force. And bombing North Vietnam is expected to provide the closest approximation to better morale for the South Vietnamese—and it may just work. It is going to be a long war, the way Burchett and Tho see it. And perhaps that is the way General Taylor sees it, too.

Mme. Labin's book differs from Burchett's in that Burchett, over the years, has become more sophisticated and thinks that the soft sell is on the whole more successful than the ultra-hard sell. Not so Mme. Labin. Her book has, on the average, at least two fully capitalized lines per page, complete with exclamation points, not to speak of italics and such subdued titles as "The American Incitement" or "The Wall of Blood." Her line is simple: the weak-kneed, Communist-loving United States sold out the Ngo Dinh Diem regime because it was "winning the war" against the Communists. And she has no hesitation about naming her chief target: "the junto [*sic*] in the State Department" whose "grim game . . . was fully disclosed to me by the late Counsellor [Ngo Dinh] Nhu and President Diem. . . ." Since there is no doubt that this line will become the *pièce de résistance* of a future investigation into what went wrong in

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Vietnam, it would be well if it could be laid to rest quietly. There may be much wrong with the way the State Department handled Vietnam over the years, but lack of anti-communism was not a part of it.

The rest of Mme. Labin's arguments are mostly based on a lack of information about Vietnamese affairs, which she shares with many people of her persuasion, whether French or American. To prove that the Buddhists are unimportant, she adduces some pretty fantastic statistics, in which she dismisses the Hoa-Hao and Cao-Dai Buddhists as non-Buddhists and estimates the tiny (perhaps 15,000) Vietnamese Protestant community at half a million. And to prove that the Diem regime was above financial reproach, she states that a "1958 investigation by a United States Senate committee cleared him of asserted misuse of American aid." The joke is that, strictly speaking, she is almost right. The "investigation" took place in July, 1959, and did indeed involve charges of corruption in Vietnam. The aid agency, then known as ICA, submitted to the bemused committee an audit that, if submitted to the Internal Revenue, would surely have landed its author in a federal penitentiary. The report blandly stated that 147 *million* piasters had been "destroyed by fire" as per affidavit of a Vietnamese "bailiff"(!), while another 82 million had been "alleged burnt by fire without proper affidavit." Accounts for another 33 million were still not available three years later. That amounts to the tidy equivalent of about $9 million—all of which disappeared at a crucial moment when several Vietnamese generals threw their support to Diem in another little civil war.

Mme. Labin blandly denies that tortures ever took place in Vietnam (no doubt those color spreads in *Life* were all staged by USIA to improve the American image abroad) and finally compares the wily Ngo Dinh Nhu (who, incidentally, in 1953 ran a highly left-wing and neutralist labor movement in Saigon, and during the last days of his life, according to his own wife, Mme. Nhu, had contacts with the Liberation Front) with Thomas Jefferson! But in the final paragraph of her treatise, my compatriot finally relents and admits that some reforms were, after all, needed—"in official Washington."

'The War Only Lasts A Lifetime'

THE MAKING OF A QUAGMIRE. By David Halberstam. Random House. 323 pp. $5.95.

Charles Mohr

In late 1962 and throughout 1963, the decisive drama of Vietnam was tragically played out. The Vietcong guerrillas, who might at that time have been defeated or contained militarily, were allowed to breathe and prosper. They captured many thousands of weapons and grew into the formidable military force they are today. The population, which might have been persuaded to oppose the conquest of the countryside by the Vietcong, was driven into the arms of the guerrillas by policies which failed to protect them or to inspire their loyalty. The American Establishment in Saigon, which just might have prevented these irretrievable calamities, failed even to recognize that they were taking place.

Charles Mohr is the White House correspondent for The New York Times. *He resigned as Hong Kong bureau chief for* Time *in 1963 due to disagreements over Vietnam coverage.*

Into this doomed and acrimonious atmosphere stepped a few young, relatively inexperienced, American reporters. They were the only element in the country, other than the Vietcong, which President Ngo Dinh Diem and his family could not control or intimidate. At times it seemed they were the only Americans on either side of the Pacific whom Robert S. McNamara and other American officials could neither silence nor delude. They distinguished themselves as journalists and men—partly by having the innocence to see what was under their noses, but mainly by having the honor, the guts and the simple honesty to write the truth in the face of abuse and near slander directed at them from their own government, and by other American journalists who did not bother to cover the war, much less understand it.

In *The Making of a Quagmire*, David Halberstam retells the story of that period. It is a sensitive and brilliant book but, above all, it is an enormously sad one. Like most Americans who have ever spent much time there, Halberstam loved Vietnam and the Vietnamese. The idea of its conquest by the Communists was repugnant to him. His book is a chronicle of lost chances and of official self-delusion.

When Halberstam first arrived in Vietnam in September of 1962, it was possible to be optimistic—but not for long. Frederick G. Nolting, the U.S. Ambassador, once said in exasperation, "You are always looking for the hole in the doughnut, Mr. Halberstam." The holes in American policy were not hard to find. The Ngo Dinh family wanted American arms and money, but did not want American advice. Politically, the government had alienated a large part of the population and administration was a nightmare of confused incompetence. Militarily, the army was being led disastrously by generals appointed not for merit but for political loyalty to the Ngo Dinh family. The American officials could not correct—or even acknowledge—these defects because in the words of another great foreign correspondent, Homer Bigart, they had chosen to "Sink or Swim with Ngo Dinh Diem."

"Having failed to get reforms," writes Halberstam, "our officials said that these reforms were taking place; having failed to improve the demoralized state of the Vietnamese army, the Americans talked about a new enthusiasm in the army; having failed to change the tactics of the military, they talked about bold new tactics which were allegedly driving the Communists back. The essence of our policy was: *There is no place else to go.*"

Halberstam and the other reporters discovered this in the simplest way possible. They became the trusted friends of brilliant young American military officers assigned to advise Vietnamese combat units who turned in frustration to the reporters when their own reports on the downward spiral of the war were ignored, blocked or bottled up in Saigon. They also learned by going into the field to watch the pillow-punching military operations which consistently let the Vietcong escape destruction and by witnessing the cruelly corrosive effect of the war on the Vietnamese population. With growing cynicism and disgust they watched the antics of men like Huynh Van Cao, the worst general in the Vietnamese army, whom Diem had given the most vital assignments in the Mekong Delta area. Cao's major talent was flattering visiting American

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brass. Halberstam recalls how, when U.S. Marine Commandant General David Shoup arrived to visit Cao's headquarters, "he was greeted by the 7th Division band playing the *Marine Hymn*, and by a huge sign reading: 'The United States Marine Corps: From the Halls of Montezuma to the Banks of the Mekong River.' Shoup was duly impressed." Cao's forte was not fighting. It was an open secret that Diem had told him to stop taking American advice and to avoid casualties. In fourteen division operations from October until December, 22, 1962, when he was promoted by the President, Cao's troops suffered only four men killed. At the same time the paramilitary units manning overextended static defense posts were being overrun every night and losing American weapons to the guerrillas.

From the American officers Halberstam learned of some other major problems. The government forces would not fight at night and they would not patrol. A U.S. captain told Halberstam cynically one day, "They go out at night, walk down the path, take a leak, and then call it a night patrol."

"Although none of us fully realized it then, this was the decisive time in the Delta," writes Halberstam.

A guerrilla war is seen first-hand by the local population; for this reason, not only must a successful force in such a war prove that it has political benefits to offer the peasantry, but it must also prove that it can protect them. In such a military and political situation there is sometimes a crucial moment of truth, which is often unperceived by fairly knowledgeable observers: the moment when the local population senses which side is winning. . . . One side has the momentum and the other doesn't —it is just that simple—and the first people to be aware of this momentum are the peasants.

It is instructive to recall what the top officials were saying at that time. In April, 1963, McNamara authorized his press spokesman, Arthur Sylvester, to proclaim, "We have turned the corner in Vietnam." In that same month General Paul D. Harkins, the U.S. commander in Vietnam, predicted in all seriousness that the war would be won "within a year." By the summer and fall of 1963, a full-scale attempt was under way to discredit the reporting of Halberstam and his colleagues. This campaign was joined by *Time* magazine and by Miss Marguerite Higgins, then of the New York *Herald Tribune*. Halberstam ungallantly quotes from one of the stories which Miss Higgins wrote at the time, stories which said the war was going remarkably well:

As of the moment, General Harkins and his staff flatly contradict published reports that South Vietnam's U.S.-backed fight against the communists — particularly in the rice-rich Delta is "deteriorating" and that a Vietcong build-up is taking place to the point where the communists will be able to conduct mobile warfare with battalions as well equipped as the Government's. "What is mobility?" interjected one of the general's corps advisers. "Mobility means vehicles and aircraft. You have seen the way our Vietnamese units are armed—fifty radios, thirty or forty vehicles, rockets and mortars and airplanes. The Vietcong have no vehicles and no airplanes. How can they be mobile?"

This brainless lack of simple respect for a formidable enemy led to painful results. The Vietcong were fighting in battalion size units even when Miss Higgins wrote; they are fighting in regiment size units today.

Halberstam's plodding, painfully honest work in the field gave him a different view of the enemy. His descriptions of military operations have the sharp quality of snapshots — this is, indeed, the way it was. "Moving in a rice paddy," writes Halberstam, "is a bit like trying to run in one of your own dreams — slowly, your feet stuck, feeling exposed and all alone." He notes that for many years the Vietcong "had fought constantly against an enemy which had superior equipment and air power. By necessity they had learned to be careful and shrewd, and how best to exploit their limited resources. In order to survive they had to be wily; to be careless, sloppy or indifferent meant sure death. They could never rely on an air strike or armored personnel carriers to bail them out of trouble; rather, there would be air strikes to wipe them out and APCs to crush them. They had to be elusive. 'Their commanders,' an American captain once told me, 'have a sixth sense about their flanks. It is almost impossible to surround them.' "

Those who read this book will find that the author of this review is mentioned often. Normally I could not review a book by a man with whom I was so closely associated, but if I can be accused of being a prejudiced witness, it must be admitted that I *was* a witness. And there were precious few of those. One of the great stories of the postwar era was left to a handful of men to cover. And only that handful can give testimony as to how wise and true this book is.

The war in Vietnam will not be won by air strikes on North Vietnam, and certainly not by optimistic press conferences. It will last as long as the incredibly patient, uncomplaining Vietnamese can endure it, and no one saw this more clearly than Halberstam. On his first combat mission moving with a battalion of troops into a Delta village he wrote:

About a hundred yards away we came upon a dead peasant lying in the yard of his hut with a poncho spread over him. Two huts farther on, a desperately frightened old man of eighty years was genuflecting in front of the American and Vietnamese officers and telling them he had never heard of the Vietcong. How many times had this old man had to tell Government troops that he knew no Vietcong? How many times had he had to tell the Vietcong that he knew no Government troops? "The war," a young Vietnamese said to me bitterly later, "only lasts a lifetime."

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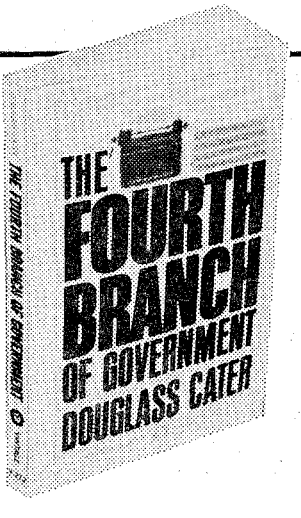

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Poems: Raymond Roseliep

My Day As He Goes

for Daniel: anima naturaliter christiana

The air is honey
heavier on him and his
softgreen cadillac

than he can collect
without a mirror or my
vantage retina.

Hair blanch as his white-
walls, cockled as a swimmer's,
Lyciad features

october rallied
from vacation tennis court
or shadowless yard

where Aristotle's
children trot to pillage *De*
Amicitia,

he is going: clean-
tired and grasshopper headed
for catacomb years.

I could pray the face
(not at all tight on its scheme
of bone) chill as mine,

though never will him,
Christ, my dead man bones knocking
my day as he goes.

English Sonnet

Put your hand in my hand
and I love you
deeper than Triton's horn
or whorling grotto.

Travel the way
of the vein
with its sea-
dark wine,

quitting the shore
and perishable
turn of your
mortal shell.

Inhabit
my sea going spirit.

To His Dark Lady

Intricate on the rock
wall outside my storm
window, that pattern of smoke
flows a shadow like a gown.

I watch snow frame
the unheard
4/4 time
of an accurate bird.

Flake upon flake,
and sometimes a lull,
make falling dark
interminable.

My world without you, lady,
is white and black and grey.

An Ars Poetica for Jeanne Louise McHale Making Poems in Her Eleventh Year

That bird deals
in matter
of transubstantial
grain and water.

On the summit
of his show
he lights
a law for you:

his wide
and singing gift
is made
from depth.

A poem
is borne.

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Ghosts With Guns

THE BATTLE OF DIENBIENPHU. By Jules Roy. Harper & Row. 344 pp. $6.95.

Daniel Ford

Last summer, in the moist heat of a Mekong Delta night, a French newsreel cameraman was explaining that the U.S. gamble in Vietnam was already lost. France had tried it; France had lost, and the United States would follow in its footsteps.

"But it's different now," an American colonel kept protesting. "Can't you see it's all different now?"

The colonel had only the vaguest notion where Dienbienphu was located and what its strategic significance had been. But, like most Americans in Vietnam, he knew the outcome: that at Dienbienphu a ragtag army of Vietnamese had crushed the French on a field the French themselves had chosen.

The American struggle in Vietnam is haunted by the ghost of Dienbienphu. It was not Mr. Roy's intention to raise this ghost; his book was published originally in France in 1963, and there is no mention of the U.S. struggle to succeed where France so bitterly failed. But his American publisher makes good the omission. "The conflict raging now in South Vietnam is Phase Two of an old war," the dust cover declares, with the clear invitation to read *The Battle of Dienbienphu* for portents. Is it all different now, or are we following the French to disaster?

Mr. Roy believes that his former comrades (he resigned his commission in 1953 because he regarded the Indo-China War as "unjust and idiotic") were defeated by a moral not a material disadvantage. Yet the first thing that strikes an American reader is the paucity of weapons in the French camp. There were scarcely two dozen large artillery pieces in the basin of Dienbienphu, and never enough ammunition. Aerial support was based in Hanoi, 200 miles distant, so that the fighter-bombers could spend only a few minutes over the target, and then only if the weather permitted. As for armored cavalry—

"How many Bison in working order?" Langlais asked Hervouët.
"Two."
"Send them off!"

Two tanks! How long has it been since a Western commander was expected to fight a set-piece battle with only two tanks?

Dienbienphu was doomed from the start. There were 13,500 men in the French camp, while the Vietminh had massed 70,000 in the surrounding hills. Not content with such an overpowering numerical superiority, however, Mr. Roy wants to credit the Vietminh with a corresponding moral superiority. He dwells repeatedly upon the purple tunics of the prostitutes who followed the French Expeditionary Corps to Dienbienphu, but assures us that no such hanky-panky tarnished the ranks of the enemy:

If they met or passed a column of women porters, there would be an explosion of gaiety. . . . When two such columns halted together, the river bathing, the bivouacs and the nocturnal encounters were characterized by an astonishing innocence. It was like an outing of seminarists meeting a party of young nuns.

Perhaps so. But Mr. Roy received this impression nine years after the fact, and from interpreters provided by the government of North Vietnam. It is also worth noting that the "morally bankrupt" French troops fought with an ardor that astonished their historian—especially those same paratroops and Legionnaires for whom the brothels were provided. And as Mr. Roy notes, hundreds more volunteered to parachute to their aid:

Among the volunteers of all ranks who had asked to jump over Dienbienphu when nothing forced them to, you would expect to find Legionnaires. But why Vietnamese and North Africans . . . ? Why orderlies, secretaries and soldiers who had come to the end of their tour of duty and were on the point of returning to Europe . . . ? Why did these innocent foot-sloggers throw themselves into the darkness where the blue shaft of the searchlight now roved in search of them?

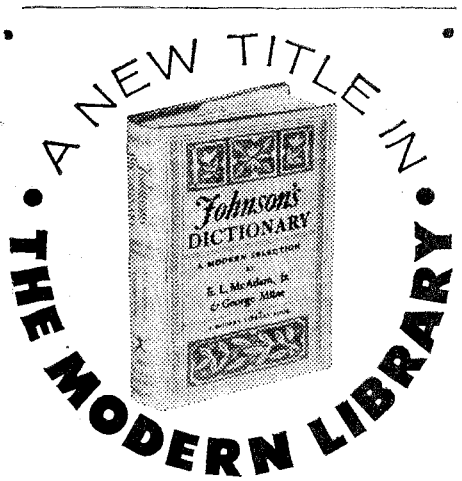
It is not fair to term such men "mercenaries," as Mr. Roy does in an effort to explain their defeat. Given the odds on March 12, 1954, when the fighting began, the outcome of Dienbienphu was never in doubt.

Less categorically, the same might be said of the entire French effort in the Indo-China War. General Henri Navarre had 375,000 troops under his command; General Vo Nguyen Giap opposed him with 350,000. Although they had no aircraft or armor, the Vietminh did have trucks (both American and Russian), heavy artillery pieces, antiaircraft batteries complete with searchlights, and a quartermaster corps capable of delivering 200 tons of ammunition, 490 tons of food, and 2 tons of medical supplies to Dienbienphu *in a single week*, March 8 to 15. The Vietcong today have no such capability, nor do they have a third as many men. The government forces and their American advisers, on the other hand, are larger and infinitely better equipped than were the French in 1954.

"Phase Two" of the Indo-China War, therefore, is not likely to end in another Dienbienphu. But this is not to say that it will end happily for the United States. The combat strength of the contestants is dramatically different in 1965, but one element has not changed—the nature of the Vietnamese Communist soldier. No army can afford to underestimate an enemy so sturdy that he could march 400 miles and still arrive in fighting trim, so inventive that he could adapt a Peugeot bicycle to carry the cargo load of a jeep, and so proficient in camouflage that he could hide 105-mm. guns on an exposed slope while French pilots and artillery spotters saw nothing amiss. Such a man is a formidable opponent, whatever his spiritual qualities.

That is the first lesson the West

Daniel Ford spent two months in Vietnam last year on assignment for The Nation. *His first novel,* Now Comes Theodora, *is soon to be published by Doubleday.*



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can learn from Dienbienphu. The second is that the defeat at Dienbienphu was not inflicted by a guerrilla force. The Vietminh, by 1954, had not only reached parity with the French but had also learned how to fight like them. The fighting at Dienbienphu was trench warfare of the bitterest sort, complete with underground demolition teams, and corpses so thick on the barbed wire that fresh assault troops had to wear gauze masks to protect them from the stench. This fact should give pause to the molders of United States policy in Vietnam. Counterinsurgency may be frustrating, interminable work, but it is not subject to large disasters. The same cannot be said of the "escalated" war the United States seems to be seeking.

Historically, guerrillas have been victorious only when (1) they are able to transform themselves into a more or less conventional army; (2) the government they are harassing is so rotten that it collapses of its own accord; or (3) they are fighting in support of conventional operations elsewhere. A Vietcong victory of the first sort does not seem possible at this time. Therefore, United States efforts ought logically to be bent toward preventing a victory of the second type which, given the political and social climate of South Vietnam, is a threat which becomes more real with every headline. The last thing we should be doing is laying the foundation for a Communist victory of the third sort. The Vietcong are a difficult foe under present circumstances. How much more difficult they will be in a larger war, operating behind the lines while South Vietnam grapples with the soldiers of North Vietnam—soldiers who are, in the literal as well as the historical sense, the men who triumphed in the battle of Dienbienphu.

Innocents Abroad

THE AMBASSADOR. By Morris L. West. William Morrow & Co. 275 pp. $4.95.

David Cort

That darling of publishers and best-seller lists, the *roman à clef* derived from recent politics, has notable limitations but some proven educational value. The Allen Drury books told me much I did not know about the United States Government. Maurice Edelman regularly does a superior job on the British Government. The genre has thrown some light on the recent history of Europe. However, the most spectacular seem to be those projected into the future, such as *Seven Days in May,* and the model, *1984.*

This last fact makes a point. While the political novel of contemporary events gains credibility by sticking to the record, it paradoxically forfeits an air of reality. For politics—in war or peace—seems to have a remote connection with any truth known to normal men. Political life must appear to the layman as frustratingly artificial, based on deals, rules, precedents, consistently shifting coalitions, the reek of power everywhere and such fascinating nonsense. The final curse on the American form is the prevalence of lawyers in American politics.

The Ambassador, by Morris L. West, shares this atmosphere of unreality. The scene is South Vietnam; the plot (almost guaranteed) is the assassination of Diem, here masked under another name but presumably faithfully, and certainly favorably, presented.

The tendency of political novels to turn into morality plays is soon confirmed. The ambassador has trouble with his psyche; he is studying Zen. The implication is that an ambassador whose soul was swinging along on world rhythms could have solved the Vietnam situation. In a curious way, this is actually the tacit premise of large sections of the world today; the trouble with the great powers is that they are not "with it." A swinging Zen ambassador might say. . . . Oh, forget the whole thing.

The unreality is pervasive. A conversation between Diem and the ambassador is interpreted two ways, both reasonable but irreconcilable. Is Diem the head of a sovereign state or, temporarily, an extension of Washington? Which do the Americans want him to be? Who is the "bastard"—Diem or the ambassador? There are no answers. The author is as cautious as if he were still in Saigon.

There can be stock figures in a political novel, but there is an obligation to make them convincing in detail. This ambassador does not belong in diplomacy. And the portrait of the disreputable CIA man is unsuccessful. Only some of the Vietnamese are clearly drawn. And yet the book does fulfill a crucial function of the political novel. It educates.

Is Vietnam a steaming, featureless mass of nobodies? By no means. Consider the power systems. There is the ancient mandarinate, formerly headed by Diem. There are the Christian missionaries. There are the Buddhist pagodas — some autonomous, some linked with Cambodia or Laos or the Communists. There was Diem's social-welfare organization for the hamlets and his intelligence service, now withered away. There are the Vietnam army, air force, police and secret police. There are the labor leaders of workers and peasants, by no means necessarily Communist. There are the primitive Montagnards. There are the French, now politically impotent but remarkably adept, mongering every sort of mischief to secure their financial investments. There are the village chiefs. Add the American diplomats, aid program, Army, Air Force, Navy, Marines and the CIA, not to mention the Chinese community with its families and secret societies; and finally, of course, the Vietcong.

The American Government and press have failed to inform the people of this populous stage and, indeed for long, have failed to inform themselves. Key elements, such as the labor leaders, are still ignored. Ignorant intervention is even worse than isolationism. No bull in his right mind wants to be in a china shop, but if he lands there he should know at least what kind of shop he is in. On good authority, we have been told that the Vietcong are armed by China, or not by China but by Russia, or by both. (Or, oh yes, by nobody.) In such dilemmas, there is always one solid certainty: somebody is lying. If people who can read are confused, what must be the condition in Washington where, it might seem, nobody can read?

One thing stands out clearly from *The Ambassador,* and I accept it. An effective government in South Vietnam must be revolutionary. Against the standard imported revolution from the north, complete with its proved techniques and cadres, the local store must offer some sort of

David Cort is a frequent Nation *contributor.*

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natively tailored revolution, with the added inducement that the family, the community and the society will not be devoured by assassins, but may perhaps make a world of their own device. The cash-heavy generals we have encouraged are not precisely the boys for such work.

There is the marvelous theory that North and South Vietnam are already united against China, the eternal enemy. Could be, but Mr. West claims that the sponsors of this theory are always Frenchmen, even as he agrees with it. Another favorite position is that Buddhism will absorb, master and change communism in Vietnam, so why not let it in? (Remember Tibet?) But American Buddhist adepts will be dismayed to learn that Vietnam Buddhism has a number of variations, all shocking to the pure Zen people. These are not invariably holy men.

And if this great nation cannot get or recognize reliable information about any foreign situation (forget the CIA; try the methods of the Gallup poll instead), it must eventually abandon any pretension to controlling the world. As a start, it would be nice if somebody in Washington were really interested in history and geography. Their interaction, applied to Southeast Asia, yields interesting details. Geography, for example, does much to explain why India has never been invaded from the east: thus, history. And northern Australia was never settled by the Mongolians; thus, geography. The history of ideas is equally provocative. Islam bypassed the Indo-Chinese peninsula, but converted the islands as far as the Philippines. And India's invention of Buddhism flourishes everywhere except in India. Without information, weapons are worse than nothing,

Mr. West is an Australian. And Australia, with New Zealand, is the lone white Western society immediately under the guns of what may or may not be an exploding Oriental horde. In the Australian manner, he is pompously judicious in a vaguely cockney accent, guarded and mumbling. He has got the signal from the Australian Establishment. He is not going to offend anybody, not the Americans in so many words, nor the Vietnamese nor the Chinese. Australia, unlike America, is really trying to understand what is happening up there in Asia, but it is hard going.

ART

Max Kozloff

THE AMERICANS: I

For reasons pertaining to our current sensibility, and by virtue of its enormous scale, the Metropolitan's "Three Hundred Years of American Art" (culled mostly from its own collection) is both an urgent and belated affair. On one hand, those reasons have to do with a gradual re-evaluation of neglected aspects of 19th-century visual culture; and on the other, with an awareness that Pop art and related contemporary scene painting have roots so firmly established in local tradition that their originality has to be redefined. (Reciprocally, this new work will alter the way we see our pictorial past.)

American art has been somewhat distorted by misguided historical attempts to establish for it a national character—as if a few generalizations would contain an output no less diverse than modern Europe's. Conversely, it has not attracted the proper critical attention because, until recently, Europe-oriented critics had been able to see no influence of American art upon their major interests. Since, in the last fifteen years, we have exerted such an influence, knowledge of what is aesthetically indigenous can finally be brought home to our consciousness. For once, the American artist sees merely pale reflections of himself abroad, and not the image of what he aspires to be, if only his immediate experience did not awkwardly intrude. And this, in turn, is making it possible for him to liberate his own past, to dig into it, and engage it in a dialogue which gives signs of increasing in richness and extension. It also, paradoxically, weighs him down with responsibilities of innovation and self-criticism that threaten his new identity just as he is in the process of forging it.

At the Metropolitan show, or any other comparable to it, the ambivalences of this colloquy of Western art are made quite emphatic. The displacements and transplants which have gone into producing our painting—particularly during the last century—have camouflaged its continuity, weakened its coherence, and disturbed its psychological health. No self-confidence ("purity" is irrelevant) intervened to translate the fresh apprehension of optical data into a self-created style. The only available pictorial traditions were those of foreigners, which were not only doomed to be misunderstood but imposed a false dichotomy between *high* and *popular* art. Harold Rosenberg has pointed out that

> *With its rivers and gorges arousing the greatest enthusiasm when they seem to have been shifted in from somewhere else, America has been a lumber room of aesthetic props for naturalists, romantics, wonder seekers, folk philosophers from every portion of the globe. Fragments of the continent have been assembled to produce an international congress of landscapes, corresponding to the nostalgia of its mingled folk for places seen and unseen. The American scene is simply the sum of all these dreams.*

Or, one might take as further confirmation, remarks by Marcus Cunliffe:

> *America has never been a "real" finite place to Americans themselves. There has always been a close correspondence between European projected images of America, and American self images. The United States has been a fantasy to itself: something in process, something mysterious and abstract, a democratic vista, a "willingness of the heart. . . ." What ambitious assessment of his country by an American does not try to explore its fabled quality, its mission and meaning, its search for identity, its appeal to the future tense — in short, the American Dream . . . ?*

But Cunliffe then went on to comment just as relevantly on the American nightmare. The pursuit of a reality, which was about all that most artists could call their own, could only be materialized by borrowed and conventionalized means. But this, as a result, created further anxiety about the nature of the outer world. Art became at times an obsessive linkage of the individual with his locale, always somewhat remote and undomesticated, by means of crystallizing all its most tangible and tactile properties. The results frequently resemble Marianne Moore's "real toads in an imaginary garden" (e.g., Cropsey's "In the Wyoming Valley" or William Sidney Mount's Long Island scenes). Beyond this, the dream quotient wells up far more specifically in currents of flagrant

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optimism or vague horror. Just as in literature we have Whitman on one hand, and Poe and Bierce on the other, here one sees Inness' "Peace and Plenty" contrasted with the veiled diableries and sense of evil of Quidor, LaFarge, Vedder and Rimmer: either glistening sunlight, or dark shadows and twisted fancies. (These latter artists, incidentally, are poorly represented in the present show.) While the 19th century is full of interesting painters in many countries who demonstrate an awkward or overly analytic relation of fact to style—Spitzweg, Kobell or Palmer—a similar situation in the United States found no outlet for an emotional pressure and fantasy life that was choked up in the various genres. And if this, too, characterizes much of 19th-century provincial painting in Europe, it was not as drastically shaded elsewhere as here with that clandestine nostalgia, that sense of isolation and longing, which is our particular heritage.

I use the word shaded advisedly for a typical work of this period reveals not so much extremities of light or dark as a peculiar chiaroscuro that conceals images to a degree inappropriate to the circumstances in which they are found. Already in the 18th century, there are Matthew Pratt's "The American School" and Charles Willson Peale's enigmatic "Staircase Portrait" (Philadelphia). A hundred years later, one finds the gloomy interiors of Eastman Johnson, the attenuations of William Page, the alarming shadows in the landscapes of Heade, and the intriguing half-lights of the smaller Kensetts—those deserted beaches and shores. Luminosity in European painting can be much richer and naturalistic—and more sensuous as a formal agency—but it is rarely as equivocal as it is in American art. This seems not so much an exaggeration of Continental romanticism—which was to pass into and be subverted by later tendencies—as an ingrained, native attribute, detached from immediate historical conditions.

The development of the representation of light was the key to the empirical outlook of 19th-century art as it gradually became identified with the radiation of color (Impressionism), and swung on to an increasing abstraction. Far more at the service of the evocation of mood, American pictorial light never showed any of this functioning dynamic but, rather, wandered in a Rembrandtesque inscape. Quite aside from its inevitable time lag, American perception of the critical European artistic events muddled this problem of light. If Barbizon was enthusiastically received, Düsseldorf was lionized, and where Impressionism was woefully diluted, Munich triumphed. In short, German art, as much if not more than French, exerted an influence on our painting, and guaranteed its retrograde tone. (Only in their plein-air sketches — much their best work—did Bierstadt and Church unconsciously fuse the two traditions.) Finally, with George Inness, our greatest landscapist, a glazed, shadow-shrouded vision dissolves the substance of objects in a tremulous atmosphere (especially in the last Montclair pictures) that give, perhaps, the fullest rendition of the American Dream.

Considering the shambles that is the history of American art, and the sometimes beguiling way it resists labels, it is surprising to see it nevertheless divide itself along almost physiological lines. I mean by this the distinctions one can make between a relatively hard, dry, gritty, precise kind of painting, and a relatively soft, loose and vague painterly handling. Without regard to cycles of action and reaction, sequences of personalities oppose one another, as if the density of matter itself were negotiable. Certainly the Colonial portraits were hard, in this respect, and they were followed by such brittle artists as Durand, Mount and Bingham. But, contrasting with their granitic mold, are the vaporous Allston and Cole, Sully and Inness. Far from confirming the image of the down-to-earth, homespun, no-nonsense Yankee artist, the coexistence of these two poles substantiates his basic irrationality. And the discomfort which he feels in actually executing the picture, his unease in treating sensuous paint, whether "hard" or "soft," amounts to the very opposite of materialism. Frequently, the "otherness" of his motif, and the strange complexity of oil pigment call forth a torrent of virtuosity, in which scrupulous detail or evanescent penumbras are merely exaggerated, implausible responses to the same dilemma. The accretion of facts, and the will toward a kind of stage-whispering poetry and refinement: both these become impulses whose poignant vulgarity often seeps through their varnish of technical sophistication.

The two painters who transcend these rather limiting circumstances, partially because they are able to blend the major antitheses of American art, are Homer and Eakins. Preceded by their outstanding ancestor, Copley, they are our most likely candidates for greatness. In the mannered seascapes at the Metropolitan, one does not see Homer's qualities to any particular advantage. But at Boston and Brooklyn, or especially last year at Bowdoin College ("The Portrayal of the Negro in American Painting"), Homer emerges formidably as a clean, synthetic, intricately colored talent who is as able to incise invigorating contours as he is to mottle with a highly orchestrated chiaroscuro. He combines the storytelling grounding of an illustrator, some knowledge of advanced European work (during the sixties he was even abreast of Monet), and an independence of native vision that unexpectedly save his faculty of observation from self-consciousness. Aside from that most attractive of moments in his career, c. 1868-72, the elements in his make-up come together most harmoniously and lightly in his famous water colors.

Homer most often succeeds when he can transfer the emotional impingement of his surroundings into an unswerving concern for picture construction: a strategy that preserves the freshness of his effects. Eakins, unsentimental from the start, takes the opposite tack by plunging into a morass of particulars — pebbles, reflections or wrinkles — and reaches painfully through a wealth of translucent paint films toward an integrated rendering of the whole. Like Homer in his subdued sense of theatre, and above all in the commanding, almost mysterious immobility of his images, Eakins is yet the sharpest in control, and the most low-keyed in tonality, of all his contemporaries. By comparison, Eakins' hypersensitive feeling for volumes makes Homer seem flatter than he is. Rather than stand above, he embraces the American malaise about actuality, and clinically adjusts all the focuses the eye is capable of maintaining separately into a hushed, heterogeneous fabric. Eakins, therefore, generates an exasperated energy into the act of seeing, making a virtue out of a previous vice, so that his "Max Schmidt in a Single Scull," for instance, becomes a tantrum of objectivity. Perhaps this fanaticism reinforces a melancholy in Eakins

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which, even so, is an inherent sense of life rather than a social attitude. His unrelaxed, morbid landscapes, and sorrowful, affecting portraits conclude that epoch in American art which had already closed down in Europe: the Western Renaissance of naturalism and fidelity to appearances.

The Metropolitan's exhibit is handsomely installed, and comes carefully annotated in catalogues by curators Gardner and Feld. But its spattering of masterpieces is swamped by hordes of mediocrities. Quantity has won over practically every other consideration. This, too, is in the American grain.

In my next column I shall discuss the 20th-century section of the show.

Spring Record Survey: I

Benjamin Boretz

BACH: St. Matthew Passion. Peter Pears, Hermann Prey, Tom Krause, Fritz Wunderlich, Heinz Blankenburg, Marga Höffgen, Elly Ameling, August Messthaler, vocal soloists. Stuttgart Hymnus Boys' Choir, Stuttgart Chamber Orchestra, Karl Münchinger, cond. London OSA 1431 and A4431 (mono).

To project both the immensity and the concentrated detail of the Bach Passion is an interpretative task on the level of — at least — Wagner's *Ring*, or Mozart's *Don Giovanni*. It requires the precise ordering, pacing, differentiating and associating of number-types, ensemble-types and voice-types in a context where the relation between immediate succession in time and formal succession among non-adjacent elements is fantastically complex and crucially significant. On these terms, employment of the Münchinger-Stuttgart aggregation, known primarily for its clean, careful unmannered performances of the sub-masterpiece literature of the period of presumed musical *bonhomie* — from Vivaldi concertos to Mozart Divertimentos to early Schubert symphonies — is another of those sad miscalculations that result from a serious confusion about stylistic and contextual appropriateness. What emerges is indeed a careful, honest reading of a succession of neat, uncomplicated, regularly ticking passages of the real "Baroque" music that Bach never composed. Within these limits, however, the only obtrusive deficiency is in the rather strident and unvarying sound of the boys' chorus; among the soloists, Peter Pears uses whatever voice remains to him articulately, but neither he nor any of the others (with the occasional exception of Tom Krause) do much to differentiate the myriad nuances built into every vocal phrase. Those interested in the *St. Matthew Passion* would be far better advised to investigate the recordings by Klemperer (Angel (S) 3599), Scherchen (Westminster WST 402), or Richter (DGG ARC (7) 3125/8).

BEETHOVEN: Complete Piano Sonatas, Vol. 3: Nos. 5, 6, 7 in C minor, F major, D major, Op. 10, Nos. 1, 2 & 3. Artur Schnabel, piano. Angel COLH 53; Vol. 4: Nos. 8, 9, 10 in C minor, E major, G major, Op. 13, Op. 14, Nos. 1 & 2. Artur Schnabel, piano. Angel COLH 54.

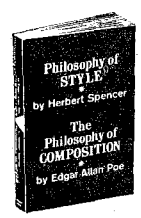
Bagatelles: 6 Bagatelles, Op. 126; Ecossaises; Rondos, Op. 51, Nos. 1, 2 and 129; Albumblatt: "Für Elise"; Andante Favori in F; Variations on "Nel cor piu non mi sento." Wilhelm Kempff, piano. DGG 138 934.

Sonatas: Nos. 21, 23, 25, Opp. 53, 57, 79. Wilhelm Kempff, piano. DGG 138 943.

The Schnabel recordings are part of the continuing reissue of a classic series that must be regarded as Beethoven's Beethoven, in the sense that they are principally focused on ideas that couldn't conceivably have been generated if they had not been the ones most important to Beethoven. The Kempff series, considerably more limited interpretively (if also quite intelligent) but mechanically superior, continue to evince the valuable qualities already noted here in connection with earlier Beethoven and Brahms recordings. One is particularly grateful for the expenditure of such seriousness and care on the often neglected "lighter" works — particularly the Opp. 126 and 129—which respond to it by revealing far deeper ranges of imaginative relation than are usually suspected.

BRAHMS: German Requiem, Op. 45. Variations on a Theme of Haydn, Op. 56a. Gundula Janowitz, soprano, Eberhard Waechter, baritone. Vienna Singverein, Berlin Philharmonic, Herbert Von Karajan, cond. DGG 138 928/9.

Brahms was the first really modern musician, a musical intellectual in the full consciousness of all that implied. Thus his "German Requiem" is named for far more than its text's language; it is a deep exploration of the entire tradition and history of German choral music, a re-evocation of its great monuments from the ascetic motets of Schütz (especially evoked in the opening "Selig sind die Toten" with its choral antiphony and dark violinless sonorities) and the Schütz *Kleine Geistliche Konzerte* (in "Herr, lehre doch mich") to the exclamatory choruses of Johann Christoph Bach, the grave ones of Handel, Bach cantatas (indeed, the entire center of the work, from the "pastorale" of "Wie selig sind deine Wohnungen" to the solo-chorus "aria" and the "choral-prelude" of the succeeding two sections are like a complete cantata internally imbedded), the "choral orchestration" of Haydn Masses, the Beethoven *Missa Solemnis* (recalled in many places, most strikingly after the Handelian opening of "Herr, du bist werdig"), all of which presents the



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extraordinary—and very "modern"—phenomenon of a revaluation of disparate historical techniques into a unique personal language. Karajan's performance is generally discreet, functional, unobjectionable; and the focus on string sound—still the Berlin ensemble's strong section — avoids many of the problems discussed here recently in connection with the Brahms symphonies, and which also mar the "Haydn Variations" in this album. Waechter is particularly perceptive, and Janowitz suffers only from some scooping and hooting in upper-register passages. Of the other recent recordings Klemperer's (Angel (S) 3624) is on a far more deeply penetrating level, while Ormandy's (Columbia M2S 686) is at the other extreme, sonically slick and interpretively trivial.

CARMINA BURANA (20 songs from the original manuscript of c. 1300). Studio of Early Music, Munich. Telefunken SAWT 9455-A.

More a literary-historical curiosity than a significant musical document—the musical invention of the German "goliards" (wandering monk-scholars of the Middle Ages) was evidently somewhat backward for 1300—this record is nevertheless a charming diversion (and German translations of the Latin texts will be sent on request by the publisher, presumably in a plain wrapper), crisply and brilliantly performed and unusually well recorded.

GIOVANNI GABRIELI: Venetian Polychoral Music of c. 1600. Cappella Antiqua of Munich, Konrad Ruhland, cond. Telefunken SAWT 9456—A.

Aside from the merely brilliant sounding, ping-pong antiphony of much of this Venetian repertory, the collection includes two works which reveal Gabrieli's remarkable dynamic sensitivity and originality in the juxtaposition of instrumental timbres to achieve a wide range of textural and sonorous degrees and qualities of motion (Sonata XV for 12 instruments and Canzona VI for 7 instruments). It offers as well several choral works (particularly *Jubilate Deo* and the Magnificat I. toni) that are highly developed vocal-instrumental realizations of the *Canzona* idea, and the choral *Nunc Dimittis*, which builds marvelous sonorities and textures in kaleidoscopic succession, and comes closest to the fascinating and complex internal polyphony of such works as the late setting of "O Jesu mi dulcissime." The performers use old instruments, and have learned to play them in tune and with precise attacks, so that the special sonorous atmosphere of the music (which requires a near-equality in intensity between "wooden" trumpet and treble viol sound) is beautifully projected.

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LETTERS

(Continued from inside front cover)

three faiths, and has a strong representation of disadvantaged persons and minority groups. . . . The Mayor, who is on our board, has used no power to have anyone appointed, and our appointments have all been made on the basis of qualifications and skill.

Thus far, Paterson has two programs that are ongoing, one for the people in school who need the financial help to stay there, and one for the out-of-school persons who want work and usually need counseling. Our third program, for which we've requested federal funds, is "Operation Headstart," for children of preschool age, in which we hope to enroll 400 to 500 disadvantaged children in an attempt to give them the help they so desperately need when they enter school. We are also working on housing and retraining of adults.

Very obviously we are working in an extremely difficult field, but thus far, thank goodness, politics have not played any part in our operation.

Milton Makowsky, Treasurer
Paterson Task Force

Wrong book

New York City

Dear Sirs: Even those who agree with Paul Wohl that Bonn should give up its territorial claims in the East can deplore the distortions in his review of Rudolf Walter Leonhardt's *This Germany* ("The Gospel According to Bonn," *The Nation*, Apr. 26). This book is decidedly *not* "an apologia for Bonn's position. . . ." For example, Mr. Leonhardt does not support Bonn's claims to the 1937 frontiers, as Mr. Wohl asserts. He says "it is out of the question" that the GDR and the Federal Republic could be united in our time. . . . Neither does Mr. Leonhardt call the Oder-Neisse line "unbearable." What he says is that a boundary that cuts through six large cities "has created much discontent and enmity. . . ."

But the most serious distortion relates to Mr. Leonhardt's discussion of anti-Semitism. According to Mr. Wohl, the author simply says that to equate Nazism with anti-Semitism is "deceptive and dangerous," that hardly any Germans knew of the dreadful genocide, and that few hated Jews. . . . The quote Mr. Wohl took out of context reads as follows: "Above all, it is important to recognize as deceptive and dangerous (because so fearfully simple) the equation of National Socialism with anti-Semitism. For this equation leads to the conclusion: 'If we can succeed in banning German anti-Semitism, we will have succeeded in ridding the world of the German menace, which almost succeeded in destroying entire races, the German race included.'" The author concludes that "what we have to fear is the German's search for a scapegoat."

Other inaccuracies are too numerous to mention. If Mr. Wohl wanted to criticize German nationalism or German smugness, he should have reviewed a different book or written an article. He had no right to twist another man's words to create his platform.

Terry Shroeder

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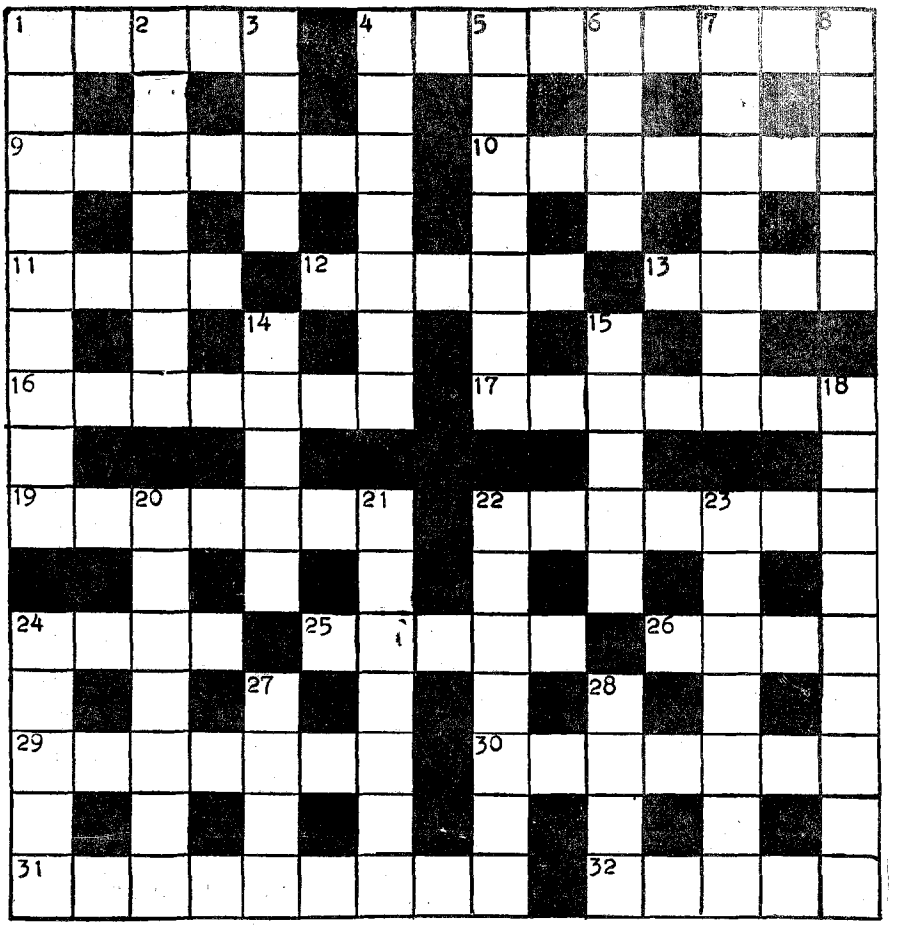
Crossword Puzzle No. 1106

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 Doesn't quite catch their purpose being to hold hands. (5)
4 If their halves are all better, why do they have so many? (9)
9 The one that unlucky folk are behind isn't an example of the unconventional. (3, 4)
10 The exit queue, to give you an idea of the story? (7)
11 What "Sic 'im!" used to encourage a dog to do? (4)
12 It's rather pointless in an estate with no style of living. (5)
13 See 5 down
16 Humble, but hard to understand.
17 Steps out for a walk, but finally takes some other form of transportation. (7)
19 and 22 Making the surface silvery in a gentle tropical storm? (14)
24 Raised loaf, by the sound of it. (4)
25 The state of violent disturbance that 2 is occasionally in, according to Riley. (5)
26 Not charged with a final passage?
29 Certainly wouldn't act as a night watch! (7)
30 Mailer's style of writing? (7)
31 From which they used to rush out with a quip and a drink? (5, 4)
32 Only the west is not represented at least once in the city. (5)

DOWN:

1 It's not exactly precious, with no one most likely to make it. (9)
2 Hay, cornstalks, and such for some Brooklyn parents? (7)
3 and 27 down Mark the town, though something is evidently lacking. (8)
4 One might strike a 15 type in accounting for things, or lose it in the fall. (7)
5 and 13 across Conducts electricity safely and efficiently, with a deep rolling motion. (6, 5)
6 Four across have more than one sort of 28. (4)
7 It's direct to go around the point of periodic payment. (7)
8 Having least difficulty, or most difficulty with the law if you do?
14 Clothes that might be brought to 15? (5)
15 and 24 It might be a crime or a singular 14, but some bring things home on it. (5, 5)
18 Notable individual, but his business might be flagging. (9)
20 Some might find this 27 capital endless. (7)
21 Did he look more than a trifle green? (7)
22 A western trader? The reverse got some publicity in film circles. (4, 3)
23 Slang for a bunch of keys, or the contents of different things hanging on the wall. (7)
28 Wild state of 6, but not really wild.

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